



# FROM THE MINES TO THE PULPIT.

BY  
REV A. C. HYND,  
EVANGELIST.



BUFFALO :  
G. M. HAUSAUER & SON,  
1902.

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Dedicated to  
My Wife,  
Who has been my helpmate  
in all my struggles.



## PREFACE.

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At the earnest solicitations of my friends, also many editors and pastors with whom I have come in contact and to them related some of the trying experiences of my life, I present this book to the public.

I also wish to express my gratitude to all those who, when I was surrounded by discouragements and apparently insurmountable obstacles, by their encouragement and advice, buoyed and sustained me through all trials and conflicts with adverse circumstances.

It is sincerely hoped that the experiences here related may serve as an incentive to those whose educational advantages are limited, to persevere and by their own efforts attain that end without which life is a blank—knowledge of the world, of mankind, of Christ.

REV. A. C. HYND, *Evangelist.*

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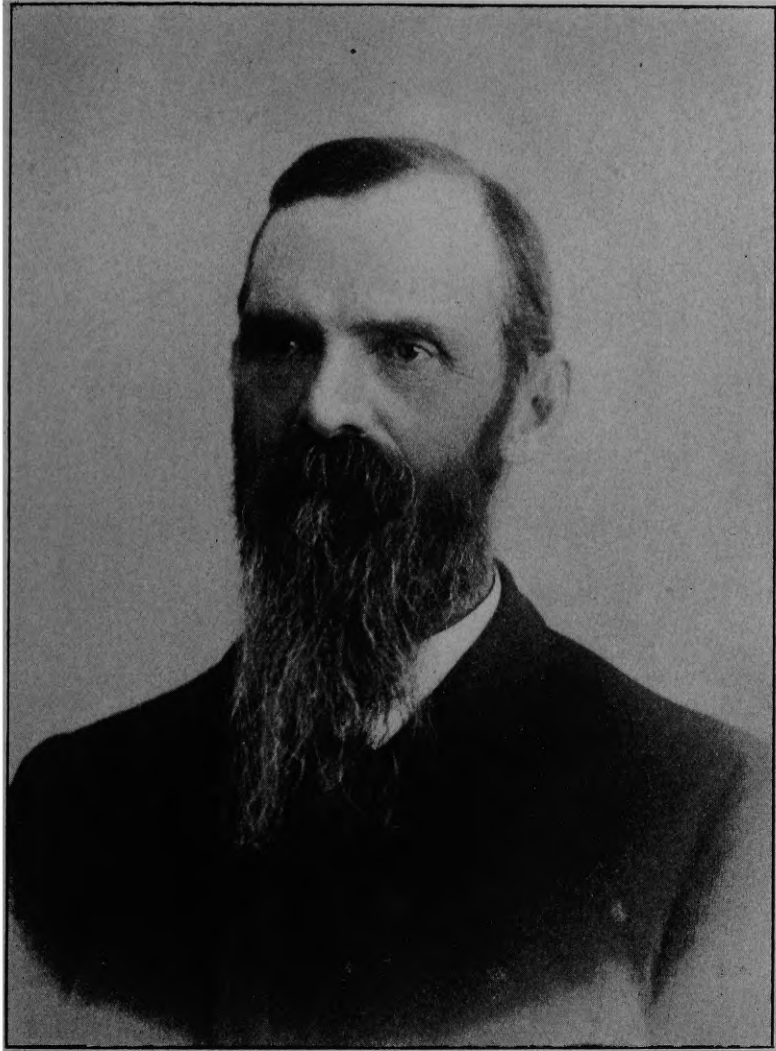
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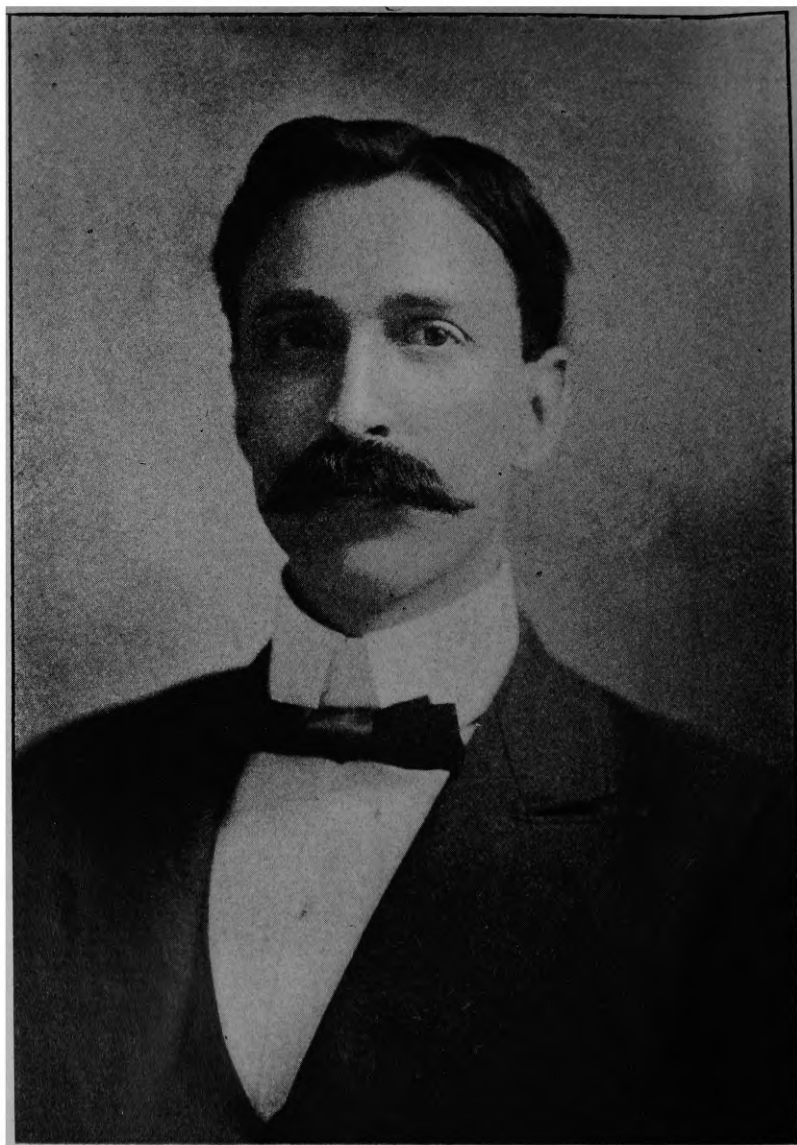
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REV. R. C. SMITH.

*I am personally acquainted with Rev. A. C. Hynd, and know him to be an earnest, devoted Christian minister, having gifts that fit him for successful evangelistic work.*

*Rev. R. C. SMITH,  
Presiding Elder,  
Clarion District, Erie Conference.*



REV. A. G. MILLS, PH.B

*In the winter of 1895 I received the most real and lasting help at the hand of Rev. A. C. Hynd. It was my good fortune to be favored with his evangelistic work. The impressions made were for good and have been lasting. Scores were added to the church, two of whom I have had the pleasure of listening to as they preached the Gospel to others. The value of the earnest efforts of this man of God, eternity alone will reveal.*

*Rev. A. G. MILLS, Ph. B.,  
Lamartine, Pa.*



REV. W. H. ROBINSON.

*I have known the Rev. A. C. Hynd for 15 years. He has assisted me in five meetings with marked success and great acceptability. I consider him a safe evangelist.*

*Rev. W. H. ROBINSON,  
Summersvale, Pa.*



REV. J. H. JELBART.

*I have a close acquaintance with Rev. A. C. Hynd. It was my privilege in the month of August, 1896, at a camp meeting at Strattanville, Pa., in the company of other ministers, to listen to his clear exposition of the Word of God. It was also my lot during that time, to see Brother Hynd, under trying circumstances, manifest great fortitude and grace.*

*Rev. J. H. JELBART,  
Pastor First M. E. Church, Johnsonburg, Pa.*



PROF. R. B. TEITRICK.

*It is a pleasure to bear testimony to the life and character of any worthy man. Rev. A. C. Hynd is one of the few men who have risen from illiteracy and obscurity to a high standing and enviable reputation as an evangelist. It was my privilege to instruct Rev. Hynd in the common branches, some nine years ago. This was the first and only help he had received in his efforts to acquire an education. He owes his progress and success in life to his abiding faith, great personal effort and perseverance. His life is an illustration that the road to success is not a narrow, hedged-in highway through the valuable schools and colleges of our land alone, but many pathways, each of which may be followed across the great field of life, if entered by the type of human character which has a definite purpose in view and is willing to sacrifice present comforts for future successes.*

*Very truly, R. B. TEITRICK,  
Superintendent of Education, Jefferson Co., Pa.*





THOMAS COWIE.

*I have known the Rev. A. C. Hynd since he was a little boy. His life is all he describes it to be. I watched his sinful life and I have observed his Christian life for the last fifteen years. He saw the need of an education and his struggles for the same have been victorious. He was a "brand snatched from the burning," and is now a shining light.*

THOMAS COWIE,  
*Formerly Mining Boss at Wishaw, Scotland.*



A. C. HYND, Miner.  
Age, 23 years.



*A. C. Hynd.*

Evangelist, Age, 42 years.

# FROM THE MINES TO THE PULPIT.



## CHAPTER I.

### MY BIRTHPLACE, WISHAW.

I was born in the village of Wishaw, Lenarkshire, Scotland. Its location is twelve miles from the city of Glasgow and about forty from Edinburgh, the capital. It has for its water facilities, the river Clyde on the south side, somewhat over a mile and a half from the center of the town, part of the way having a gradual slope to its banks. On the north side runs the stream Cather; its distance from the edge of the town is about a third of a mile. The boys of the village and the neighboring hamlets were accustomed to use these waters in summer time for bathing purposes; and they were often driven off by the lords through whose estates the streams flowed.

Wishaw had one main thoroughfare on which most of the business was done; leading from it were a few side streets of less importance. In my boyhood days the buildings were not of modern appearance. Here and there stood a house two stories high, and only one, that I can recall, of three stories. Among these were a

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great many thatched cottages, in which the sparrows found shelter from the storm. Often, in the breeding season of the year, they annoyed the human inhabitants by the rapid multiplying and replenishing of their nests. The business men of the town carried but one line of goods. The hardware dealers attended to that sort of supplies, and the same distinction was shown in the grocery business and many others. The keepers of the apothecary shops were an exception; they at times tried their hand at pulling teeth, as dentistry in Wishaw, at that time, was unknown. In many cases, instead of pulling the tooth, they pulled the patient around the room.

The industries of the town were coal pits, iron works and brick fields, from which came dust and smoke, only to descend upon the product of the washer women and cause them to use language that would not be commendable in polite society. These industries gave employment to the villagers. In the brick fields, men and women worked side by side, the women trundling wheelbarrows and doing work that in this country is performed only by the sturdiest laborers. Strong and hardy the women grew, rivaling the men in strength, and often outdoing them in their day's work. I once saw a contest between two laborers, a man and a woman, as to which could wheel a barrow containing more bricks. The woman won, her opponent being no ordinary laborer, but a man noted for his strength. The contest was the result of a wager and was witnessed by hundreds of people. Not only did women work in

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mills, factories, tile works and brick fields, but their unfortunate condition was that of working in the pits. The good book says, that woman is to be man's help meet, and so here we found her in the bowels of the earth, doing a man's work, pushing the little hutches (cars), here and there, from place to place. I have heard the old mothers speak of their experiences in the pits, how they helped their husbands to dig coal and draw the little cars in and out of the various headings, as horses do now-a-days. What a sight it must have been to see those strong, robust, sanguine Scotch lassies start to work, clad in the regalia of a miner! Their dress consisted of heavy-laced, tacked shoes, with stockings knit by their old mothers, and of short petticoats resembling the modern bicycle skirt in length, so as not to interfere with their labor of pushing the cars. Their jackets were made of heavy cloth, cut like that of the jumper of the American workingman, and fitted with pockets, in which they carried nails for the repairing of the track. Their caps were made of strong cloth, fitting tight to the head, with a leather patch in front, on which the lamp hung, so as not to interfere with their hands while at work. What a fantastic parade it must have been to see them start out in the morning, with their lamps glimmering, winding their way here and there through the dells and glens, to their places of occupation. I fancy, from my experiences in explosions, of which I will speak later, that many a strong woman in the bloom of life, with brain capacity enough to have been a Frances Willard, a Deborah or a Lady Jane Grey, with

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bright thoughts of the future, met her fate in one of those dreaded catastrophes so common to mining life, and her bones are now mouldered in that unprepared sepulchre.

In some of those old, thatched, low, one-story houses labored the old people, weaving as their mothers and grandmothers had done for generations and generations. In the evening, when all had returned from work, after supper, they gathered around the old peat or coal fire-place and told weird tales of ghosts and goblins. The little ones would gather around, and under the dim light of the miner's lamp or tallow candle, would crouch close together, with tingling ears and terror-stricken faces, but eager to hear more of the ghostly tales that they thoroughly believed to have been true. So superstitious were these little urchins that they could not be persuaded to go on an errand after dark, unless the good wife of the house stood at the door in full view to keep watch so as to be on hand to rescue them from some venturesome spirit or bogie man.

The principal building material of the town was hewed stone from quarries, which were worked by men expert in that trade. They chiseled these rocks from their natural beds, into the requisite shapes for building. Around the mouths of these quarries towered all sizes of cranes, having the appearance of a ship yard from a distance, which were used to hoist the rocks in loading the trucks. These trucks conveyed the product of the quarries to the places of building. The majority of the dwelling places were built in rows, having two stone or brick walls running parallel with the

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street and being partitioned into single rooms by a solid, sound-proof wall. So strong were these houses that the mighty power of a western cyclone could have had no effect upon them. The beauty of Wishaw was marred not only by those stone quarries, but also by some of the old, abandoned coal pits which were close to its edge, endangering the lives of the playful boys and those who violated the laws of nature by keeping late hours. The town was completely encircled by the estates of lords and dukes, Lord Bulhaven's on one side and the Duke of Hamilton's running along one side of the river Clyde, and Colk Nest enclosing the rest of the boundary. Here we had our little town hemmed in by nobility and power. Every road leading from the town had to pass through these estates. The streets of Wishaw and the country roads were well paved and kept in good condition. Men were kept constantly employed in breaking stones which were stored in magazines to be used for repairs on these roads. The estates of the lords and dukes were protected by high stone walls and hawthorn hedges and other barriers. This will give an idea of the fortifications; starting from the foot of the main street of Wishaw and extending a mile, was a stone wall ten feet high. What an expense it must have been to erect such a structure, when the poor villagers needed bread. The walls were only part of the protection, for beyond this they had game-keepers employed, whose business it was to arrest all trespassers. If the poachers or fishermen were seen by the game-keepers on the banks of the streams, they often



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had to take a cold bath and swim to the opposite shore to escape their pursuers. What a contrast there was between the stately homes of the gentry and nobility and the miserable hovels of the village folks. The beautiful avenues led here and there through flowery gardens under cultivated shade trees of all kinds, which were kept up by men and women hired for that purpose. Some of the estates had foresters who transplanted trees, making cover for the well-protected game. At many of the gates were cottages, or lodges as they were called in those days, where men were stationed to admit the nobility only. Some of the more benevolent ladies occasionally sent the crumbs as they fell from their tables, to the poor of the village, but to my knowledge, very little of such charity was shown. All possible seals were placed upon these estates, and unlucky the man who was caught shooting game of any kind. The lord of the manor not only owned his tenants, but the birds of the air and the fish in pond and brook. They were his and his alone. Not even could the tenants fish or shoot on the land for which they paid rent.

It might be of some interest to the reader for me to relate some of the amusements that were carried on in the village. Wishaw had her peculiar sports. The field in which all games were indulged in was located a short distance from the main street. It was large enough to allow two or three kinds of amusements to be carried on at the same time. At the extreme end of it stood the public school, where all children had the privilege of attending, providing their parents were able

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to pay the tuition. It was a large building, having around it an extensive play-ground, and near by its extreme end was Colk Nest estate. The children, even to the smallest of them, were taught by the rigid enforcement of the rules, that they must not trespass upon the territory of the nobility. On the other side of this public park were two large artificial ponds or reservoirs, which had been used in an early day, probably to supply the town with water. At the entrance to this field was an ancient gate, where, upon entering on special days, people had to pay. It was at this gate that I first saw a colored man. What a sight that was to a boy who had been trained to believe in ghosts! Never after that did I see another black man until I came to America. His business at the gate was to sell clay smoking-pipes, three for a penny. There he came on those special days to take advantage of the crowds. There he stood among the white folks who were selling knick-knacks of every description to the people entering the fair grounds, with his black, woolly, uncombable hair and low-browed forehead, his flat nose as though it had been pushed back from its natural shape by a stunning blow at some previous time, his thick, rolling lips, a characteristic of his race, and a chin that had none of the symmetrical lines of beauty; his eyes were as frightful to a superstitious boy as a panther's would be to a hunter. These fairs were the principal attraction to the surrounding country. Grants were given by the authorities, allowing all kinds of entertainments to be run on the grounds. It was here that my desire for pugilistic work was stimulated. On

the ground, at every suitable season of the year, sparring tents were in running order. A platform was erected at the tent door, large enough to accommodate three or four boxers to exhibit themselves to the crowd. Stretched across the stage was part of a hemp clothes-line, on which a dozen pairs of boxing gloves hung in full view. The entertainment inside was the sparring of the pugilists for a few minutes, after which the green boys from the country gave the onlookers the worth of their money, in seeing who could make the most blood fly. When the gong had sounded the pugilists would rush to the front of the tent to hold a bally-hoo in order to attract the people for the next performance. Such excitements were the food which the young miners received, and many a boy who had no good, moral influence over him, fell a victim to this pernicious sport. It was in this public field and at these fairs that the farmers hired their lads and lassies by the year. What a sight to see those red-faced, highland plowmen, dressed in a light tweed suit, with a broad Tam o' Shanter bonnet and a proportional scarf large enough to make a plide for an Ayrshire lassie! Pandemonium reigned supreme upon these fair grounds, with every conceivable delusion and vice to mislead the country folks who came only at these special times. The exigency of the noon hour brought forth a spectacular display to the eyes of the quiet observer. The luncheon customs were farcical. The stranger who strolled around the grounds during this interval was well rewarded for the money he had paid at the gate. Here and there stood little stands, on which

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puddings, cakes and scones were displayed, and of which the lunchers bought freely. Those who did not sit on the grass, strolled around the ground, eating as they went, and waving their caps at the lassies of their acquaintance. When the shades of the evening came, especially on the closing day, the police were kept busy attending to those who had fallen by the wayside. There were other indulgences carried on in this public field, such as rounders, crickets, kites and football. Occasionally, Delaney, the great outdoor circus performer, with his trained horses, tumblers and clowns, would come to this place, and this extraordinary attraction drew people from all parts. The man who did this sleight-of-hand performance was believed by the boys to be a full partner with the devil.

Before leaving this public place of amusements, permit me to relate one more of the superlative attractions, which was carried out in this well-patronized field. Just inside the entrance gate, at the west end of the field, and by an old hawthorn hedge, stood a dilapidated building, which was the only theatre of the town. It looked more like a storage shed than a theatre; its shape was like that of a telescope; its appearance to the crusader, if he had been called upon to pass his opinion, would have been that it had been built in a country where lumber was scarce, and that the farmers, being relieved by law from keeping up fences, had taken the old, weather-beaten boards and built for themselves a theatre. The interior was not unlike the outside. The elevated seats, which rose gradually until they reached

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almost to the ceiling at the extreme end of the building were made of rough planks which had never seen a planing mill. Under the trestled seats was an open space, so that the boys, who had stolen their way through the outer shell of the building, had no trouble in finding a seat. It was in this old theatre that many a boy and girl planted the germs of moral decay, and began a life of dissipation and vice. Such were the amusements of my native town, Wishaw.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY FATHER'S HOME.

I was born in one of the little, one-story, thatched cottages on the main street, near the west end cross. When memory began to be lasting to me, I could not have been over four years of age. At that time my parents were poor. They were classed among those who scarcely knew the comforts of the lowest order, and because of this condition and the lowly environments that poverty very often causes, the family received no education. However, previous to this time, our home had seen better days, but circumstances, over which we had no control, threw around it an atmosphere of poverty. It is said that there are three kinds of poor—providentially-made poor, man-made poor and self-made poor. The last of these was the cause of our condition. My father, unfortunately, in an early day was of dissipated habits, which brought the home to the state of which I speak. He had, at times, reformed in his ways and given the church his careful attention, but, like many others who had formed the terrible habit of drinking, he let it get the better of him and fell from grace.

Some years before my father's death he reformed permanently and lived a Christian life and did all within his power, by practice and teaching, to show his children the right path. How much better it might have been

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if he had obeyed the truth which reads, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," but, alas, he was among the millions that would willingly gather up the fragments of their wasted lives and cast them into the oblivion of the past. For two years prior to his death, he was unable to leave his home on account of sickness and was confined to his bed most of the time. The cause of his sickness and death was unknown to the most skillful physicians. Of this immediate period I have but a vague recollection. My father's physical appearance I cannot recall. I learned from my mother that he weighed something over two hundred pounds and was a man accomplished in many ways, especially in the use of reasoning faculties.

One of my recollections of father is of his taking me to a nearby pit where he was employed as overseer of the machinery. The reason for his taking me there was to show me some small dogs which he kept in the engine house. During my visit he had to go down into the pit to attend to some of the pipes that conducted the water from the sump below to the surface. After seeing the dogs he took me on the cage (elevator) and signaled the engineer and the descent was made. About midway in the shaft, the cage stopped. Father placed me in a safe position and then stepped off the cage, out of sight. He kept speaking to me to relieve me of fear, but I cried bitterly. In a few minutes he finished the repairing and we made the ascent. I cannot remember any more of father until one day he patted me on the head and told mother, that he would never live to see me grow to be



BIRTHPLACE OF AUTHOR, MAIN STREET, WISHAW.

Born in part of cottage entered by door (x). The picture represents the building in its modern state.





## MY FATHER'S HOME.

a man. He seemed to have an intuition of his early death and hoped that the younger members of the family would grow up in the Lord and be helpful to mother. For the two years before his death the family was supported by my two sisters, Mary and Jennie, who worked in the brick yard and earned about thirty cents a day each. There were also three other grown members of the family who were married and needed all their little earnings to support themselves. The poverty and unhappiness of our home, and of my poor mother in particular, at this time, were great. Father needed a great deal of attention and was unable to wait upon himself to any extent. Mother cared for him day and night. When the end came, worn out with watching, she had fallen asleep, and he, too weak to arouse her, passed away in the quiet of the night, with no one at his bedside. Great was the grief of my poor mother, upon her awakening and finding him dead. When she looked upon his face and saw that his spirit had passed away, she uttered one loud, piercing scream, which brought the family hurriedly to the bedside. I was too young to realize the solemnity of death, but the event was so impressive that I can never forget it. I still remember the sorrowful faces, mother's tears, and the thronging of the neighbors into the death-chamber.

My eldest brother, who was then married, took charge of the funeral. He had been very reckless in his youthful days, and had indulged, to some extent, in keeping and fighting game-roosters, and many a day he had desecrated by this cruel sport. It was on one Sab-

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bath morning, while walking through a field, with a game-rooster under his arm, on his way to fight a challenged battle, that the spirit of God came upon him. The church bells were tolling for the worshipping people to assemble, and the chiming of the bells drove deep conviction into his heart. The remorse over his past life was so great that he turned and went back home. When he entered, mother said, "James, what is the matter?" He stood speechless, leaning against the old fire-place. Without uttering a word he started to go out, but, upon reaching the door, stopped. Mother saw something was troubling him and said, "James, my boy, tell me what is wrong." He turned to her and said, "Mother, I am through with this way of living; kill all my game-roosters, I'm going to church today." What a joy to a mother to hear her wayward son utter such words! This act was the rising of the morning star of his life, and he kept in the orbit of righteousness until the day of his death. He did as he said—went to church and gave his heart to Christ. The minister of the church took great interest in him and taught him to read. He learned rapidly and in a short time began to do local preaching. He also rose to be overseer of some coal works, and finally gave his whole life to missionary and evangelistic work.

Just four days after father's death my youngest brother, a baby of tender age, died. It seemed as though mother must follow. So terrible was her grief that some time passed before she was able to attend to her household duties. The house in which father died was no

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more desirable for the family to live in. Death increased our superstition and we moved to other quarters. Our new home contained but one room and in this very small apartment we, a family of six, lived. In it were two beds, built in an alcove in a solid wall. The resting places of the straw ticks were about three feet from the floor. Under these were home-made trundle beds which pushed in and out like a drawer. In these the smaller children slept. In front of these beds were sliding curtains to enclose the inmates when all had retired. It might be of some interest to the reader to describe the household furniture and customs of the home. The furniture consisted of a few, low, straight-backed, heavy-made chairs, with no artistic design that would appeal to the eye of the modern furniture-maker. In these small apartments there was but one table, which served for ironing, baking and eating. It was made to take up as small a space as possible so as to give room for the other furniture. In some of the more elevated homes there were chiffoniers, or chests-of-drawers, as they were called in the old country. They were valued as modern parlor suites are today. Taking the place of these in the poorer homes were boxes covered with muslin or paper to hide their crude appearance. In many of the homes, instead of chairs, benches were stretched across the room to accommodate the guests. In some of the dwellings hens roosted; holes were cut into the doors to give them full privilege of the house. Above the doors and on the roofs roosted pigeons, and if anything happened to disturb these birds during the

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night, an uproar ensued and the sleep of the inmates was not peaceful. Our food consisted chiefly of mush and buttermilk, a healthy diet, but more than a trifle monotonous when taken too frequently. Each had his or her wooden bowl to eat out of. Seated on a wooden stool and in their own particular corner, they ate the described food, happy or miserable as the case might be. When we grew to a more dignified age we were permitted to sit at the table, a privilege long looked forward to. No table cover adorned the bare boards. The eatables were placed in the center of the table, and each person helped himself. The salt was placed in little heaps in front of each person, so each could dab his or her potato into it without having to pass it around. In my mother's home, when I was a little fellow, we had neither knives nor forks. The fingers were used to carry the food to the mouth. The floor of our home was of flag stones, such as are used for side-walks in the city. In some of the tenement rows, asphalt took the place of stone.

I never saw a stove until I came to America. All bread was bought from bakers. The home-made baking consisted of scones and cakes. The cakes were hard, like sea biscuit, and of such length and breadth that the modern waiter could have used them for trays.

I can recall very well the customs of one home that was near us. The boys were miners. When all had returned from work in the evening, without washing themselves, they gathered around the table with clothes, face and hands as black as the coal they dug.

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They began to eat from the table on which had been placed a barrel hoop to keep the potatoes from rolling off. I was not there through curiosity, but these people, knowing the poverty of our home, invited me to dine with them. As I watched these boys from time to time, having such privileges as I believed they had, I longed to be large enough to be a miner. Little did I know the life that I was coveting, and in after years found, to my entire satisfaction, that I had desired the wrong path.

In our new home mother met with many hardships. The wages of my two sisters who worked in the brick fields were not sufficient to support the family. The older ones, who were married, helped us as much as they could to alleviate our suffering. What a task it must have been for a mother who had been well provided for in her youthful days! I learned from mother, upon her visit to me in this country some years ago, that her people at one time kept a general store and had quite a large business. When she married she opened a little store but my father's dissipated life at that time was too much for the welfare of the shop. The enterprise failed, and with it all opportunities for future betterment. In the midst of all this poverty the lives of the family were endangered by a conflagration which took place at an old distillery near our house. In the stillness of the night there was a sudden alarm of fire, which awakened the inmates of the houses. When I awoke the flames were rolling over the skylight and it seemed as though the whole heavens were afire. I tumbled out of the trundle bed and tried to find my clothes, but in the

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confusion they were misplaced. Mother tried to find them but failed, so she wrapped a sheet around me and told me to run to my brother's. When I reached the street the policemen were hurrying the people from the neighborhood, crying that the large whiskey tanks were about to explode. What a pity that they did not, providing all lives could have been in safety. Much better to go that way than to take one poor drunkard to his grave. Up through the street I went with the others on our way to safety. When I reached my brother's home they provided me with clothes. I then went back to the fire and watched the old-fashioned fire engines throw water into the mass of flames. Great damage was done to the houses, but to my knowledge no lives were lost. In a few days all were back in their respective homes.

## CHAPTER III.

### LIFE IN THE POORHOUSE.

After vainly struggling for some time, following the death of my father, my mother was forced to give up the hopeless task of trying to provide for her large family. She applied to the parish for help. The authorities refused her any assistance, telling her that the poorhouse was built for such as herself and little ones and that she could enter there at any time. The thought of her having to go to such a place almost drove her insane. Brave woman that she had been, to spend the rest of her life in the poorhouse, was too much for her to endure, and yet something had to be done for the support of her family. Her condition had a claim upon the township, but how to secure from it the much needed support she did not know. The thought of her going to such a place was not pleasant to my brothers and sisters who were married. They resolved that they would suffer great sacrifice before they would permit such a thing to happen.

Some time rolled by in the struggle to keep out of the poorhouse, but the house rent and incidental expenses brought mother to the point where something had to be done. The overseers of the poor were applied to the second time, and they said the poorhouse was the only refuge. Influenced by the encouragement of her neighbors and friends, mother then consented to go for a



short time. My married brother and sisters opened their homes to all the children, except my youngest brother and myself. We were to accompany mother to the poorhouse, which was situated two miles from Wishaw. How long this was after my father's death I was too young to remember, but I can remember distinctly our going there. What little belongings we had were sold to pay the debts which had been incurred. All the family were together that morning to see us start. My oldest sister was to accompany us. What a sad stroke it was for the family to see the mother they loved and the two youngest boys go to such a place. They kissed us good-bye and we started. My mother was broken-hearted and cried during the whole of the journey. She felt the bitterness of her position, the hopelessness of her life and her defeat, after the brave struggle she had made to keep the family together and to provide for the little ones. How my heart feels for her, when I think of this sad portion of her unhappy life. I can remember somewhat the impressions made upon my childish mind. Upon arriving at the poorhouse, the feeling of awe that came over me as we approached the high walls that surrounded the building, the cold, dreary, forbidding look of the place, and my tears as we entered the gate, made this shelter for the poor appear all the more forbidding. As the gate-keeper conducted us to a small building immediately within the gate, I could see the numerous faces peering at us from the windows of the large building. As we entered the small house, I felt as though we were being locked up for life, and clung to



The Author's Mother and the Sister Who Accompanied Them  
to the Poorhouse Gate.



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mother for protection. She was bearing up bravely for our sakes, not wishing to add anguish to our already fearful state. We were in the small building for some time. A man continually came to mother and asked questions, and then hurried over to the large building and back again. At last mother gave him a paper, and everything evidently being satisfactory, a woman came in who told us to accompany her to the large building. Another pathetic scene took place at the parting with my sister. She kissed us good-bye and told us to be good boys, that we would soon be home again. When we entered the large building we were led into a bath-room; here we received a bath and clothes were brought to us. I remember how strange my mother looked when she came from her room, clothed in the garb of the institution. Of course, to us, there was nothing to be ashamed of in wearing a poorhouse uniform. When my uniform was put on and I saw my brother dressed in his new suit, I felt quite relieved and thought that things were not so bad after all. When we were fully dressed we were led into another department. Here some of the higher officials and mother had a conversation. I cannot recollect what happened, but it seemed that they were telling her the rules of the institution. Speedily the matron came into the department where we were and told us to follow her. As we followed her I noticed a great many sleeping rooms on either side of the large hallway. How very large the rooms seemed to me who had been accustomed to our own very small room. After we had passed through a very large portion of the

building, mother was shown into a private room. Here was another parting scene. The matron told mother that she would take care of the boys. This shocked my mind terribly when I realized that I was to part from mother. Mother told us to be good boys and go with the lady. We struggled to stay with her, but she urged us to go with the matron. As we started off she could not hide her tears. It is said that there are many kinds of tears—tears of great men, tears of childhood, tears of wasted lives, and tears of mothers over their children; so here were the tears of a mother over her children. Little did I know then of the love a mother has for her little ones. As I look back now, with the feelings I have for my own family, I can well understand her position. The woman led us into the large dormitory, where beds were spread on each side of the aisle. All were occupied by children of all ages. At last we came to our unoccupied cot. We undressed and went to bed. The attendant sat by the bedside for some time. She tried to make us feel that no harm would befall us and that in the morning we would see mother. How long I lay awake sobbing I do not know, but it seemed as though I had just fallen asleep, when the awakening bell rang. All the occupants of the room hastened out of their beds and got into their clothes as speedily as possible. As they spied us they rushed to where we were, and each one asked a question as to who we were. By and by the attendant of the night before came and rescued us and helped us to dress. When our toilet was completed, the boys once more surrounded us and one of them, elbowing

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his way among the curious children, exclaimed, "Hello, Sandy," this being the name that I was known by among my companions. I realized at once that he was my old playmate, who, through the death of his parents, had become an inmate of the place. I hardly need to say that I was rejoiced in seeing the familiar face, where everything and everyone were so strange. When the attendant saw that we had been acquainted prior to this time, she told him that it would be his duty to take care of me and show me the place and to introduce me to my future companions. I rejoiced and believed that the poorhouse was more to me than the home I had left. In a little while the bell rang again and the boys lined themselves up, two by two, and marched into the dining-room. I asked to see mother and was told that after breakfast I could have my wish gratified. During the march to breakfast I kept close to my old playmate and felt great comfort and security in his company. How plainly the divine wisdom showed itself in our Lord, when He sent His disciples out in pairs to preach the Gospel. Then, too, how strengthening it is, when in adversity, to feel that we are not alone, and how often we would fail were it not for the friendly companionship of others, of some dear friend who shares our fortunes and misfortunes, someone with whom we can speak and discuss our affairs and gain fresh courage to renew a conflict that alone would seem quite hopeless. How true it is that we need each other's friendship, fellowship, example and prayers.

After breakfast we went to see mother; how happy

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the meeting was. It seemed as though we had been gone from her for months. We were there a little while, then went out into the play grounds. Here the boys were amusing themselves, having as much pleasure as though they were millionaires' sons. My brother and I had no heart for play that morning. We sat and watched the other boys, but our hearts were with mother and the ones we had left behind. Meanwhile my good chum did not desert me; he kept running up to us and asking us how we were getting along. He invited us to play, but we refused, not being accustomed to the grounds. When I looked at the large stone walls that surrounded the place and could hear, some distance from the main street of the town, the bands playing, and the rumbling of the traffic, I felt after all that it was like a prison to me. Before the bell rang to call the children together, I was lonesome and wanted to see mother. At last the coveted hour came and we were privileged to go to mother's room again. She received us with open arms, and in our joy we wept.

Some weeks passed before we became familiar with the place. I cannot recall anything about the habits of eating or of the school privileges; I must have been too young to have comprehended. The eating must have been poor, because my mother, at every opportunity, had food saved to give to us. She had been chosen to take care of an old lady, an inmate of the place, and that was how she was enabled to secure the good food for us.

On Sunday we had some kind of religious service, which all had to attend. I cannot remember at what

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age I entered nor at what age I left the place, but I could not have been there any length of time. When the time came for our leaving, my chum was very sorry to part with us. I never met him again, although I have thought of him and prayed that his after life was better and brighter than his sad beginning.

My sister, who had accompanied us to the gate of the poorhouse, appealed to the authorities, asking for our relief, on the strength that upon our return we were to have help from the parish. They succeeded in their efforts and we were to receive so much per month. I cannot state the amount, which was small, but it continued until my brother began to work. When the preparations had all been made, my eldest sister came and met us at the gate and took us to her home.

After living a few weeks in my sister's home, mother rented a small house containing one room, and brought all the unmarried children together once more. What little furniture that was needed to start housekeeping was given to us by the married ones of the family. My two sisters, Jennie and Mary, did all they could to help us, but something else had to be done, as their wages would not support us.

In the town of Wishaw there was a business followed by the poor children, that of selling rubbing stones. This little industry is what might be called Providence retreat, or the last refuge for those in the superlative degree of poverty. My youngest sister, Katie, who was too young to work in the brick yard, took to selling these stones. As rubbing stones are an unknown article in



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America, I will try to explain what they are and for what they are used. In the first place it is a specimen of rock; in color it is pure white, and in nature is something like sandstone, only a little softer—so soft that when it is moistened with water and rubbed on a stone, it whitens the surface. The inhabitants of the town bought these stones from the poor children, who sold them from door to door, to whiten the floors after they had been scrubbed. Some house wives of a more artistic inclination than others, attempted to work out figures and designs on their floors. These rubbing stones were found in the excavations made by the miners when sinking the deep shafts to explore for coal, and were thrown out by them as so much rubbish and deposited by them in what they call bings near the mouth of the pit. At these bings all the children engaged in the business would gather, armed with pick and shovel, to dig from the debris the stones they desired to sell. When these stones were found they were of many sizes, weighing from one pound up to a ton. We had to break from the larger pieces the desired quantity. We would break them into pieces about the size of a man's hand, then place them in a bag, and begin our journey, peddling them on the streets of the village and neighboring towns. We sold three pieces for a penny, or two cents of United States money. If we were fortunate enough to empty our bags, we earned about twelve cents. There were so many poor children in the business, that my sister and myself had to travel many weary miles to find a buyer, and sometimes we were so unfortunate that night would

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find us far away from home, and with very little of our wares sold. On such journeys, as we traveled homeward, we would beg by the way. It was no pleasant occupation in the winter season. I have known us to go to this bing in our bare feet and dig there for hours before we found the desired stone. I have known my sister to wrap my frost-bitten feet in her skirts. During the winter months we had to shovel the snow away from the debris from which we dug the stone. It was no small task to get these stones, as they were covered with rocks and clay which came from the pit. There were days, with all our hard work, that we failed to find any rubbing stones. This, of course, caused us to beg from door to door.

At one time I remember knocking at a door to ask for food, when a dog rushed out upon me and bit my leg. I cried and the lady of the house, taking compassion on me, gave me a large currant dumpling, about the size of a watermelon. The pain of the bite immediately ceased, and of course I lost no time in getting home. How kind human nature is when it is under obligations to the one it has afflicted, but how it retreats from benevolence when realizing that the cost might be too great. I suppose the old lady thought the dumpling weighed as much as the bite and satisfied her conscience that she was square with the beggar boy.

It was while digging for these chalk stones, that I fought my first battle and met my first defeat. Another at the same business as we were, stole some of my tools which I used for digging. I called him, questioning him

about it, and asked him to bring them back. He showed fight in a moment and rushed at me. I could see that he was no stranger at the business, so had to do the best I could. I was no hand to fight in those days, so I got the worst of the engagement. When mother heard of this quarrel she gave me no less a punishment than the boy did, and told me boys who fought never amounted to anything. This was the beginning of my battles, which did not end until God, for Christ's sake, saved me from that degrading business. It became a common thing for us boys to fight over who would get the most favorable place to reach the rubbing stones. Those at the bing first in the morning had the privilege of selecting their places to dig, and much depended upon the securing of the choice places. During the night, many of the small mines we made caved in, causing a great deal of labor to the ones who were late getting to the bing. The wrong place selected at times caused us to dig all day, in vain, like the disciples who fished all night and caught nothing, or like the boy who, at the beginning of life, made the wrong selection and at the end of it wept like Esau for his blessing. One thing that helped me at this business was that my sister, who was older and stronger than I, would at times take some of my load, thus giving me a chance to rest the bruises the stones had made on my back. Poor girl, my memory of her is sweet. How she encouraged me and helped me out of many a boy's quarrel. At times we would sit down by the wayside to rest from our loads. She would talk to me like a mother, telling me how much better it would be for us

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when we grew older and were able to work at some other trade. But, alas, poor sister only lived to be a young married woman in the prime of life. During this period of selling rubbing stones I had many friends in the neighborhood who remembered my father and some of whom had worked with him. For these men I at times ran errands. Many a penny they gave me and encouraged me with kind words, telling me that I would be a man some day. Kindness bestowed upon a boy in need is a lasting reward of thankfulness and he hopes for future opportunities to return the same. So it was in my case with an old lady who lived near us. Often, after I had returned from selling the chalk stones she would take me into her home and give me something to eat and wash the bruises upon my feet, which had been made from running over the gravel road. After washing them she would wrap them with clean cloths. This noble old lady's deeds of kindness did me more good than many prayers. So it is with my experience—many prayers have I forgotten, but this woman's actions still remain. What small wages my sister and myself earned at this business of selling rubbing stones helped to keep mother out of the poorhouse. During this period my two sisters, who had been single when we commenced the selling of these rubbing stones, were married. All who now remained at home were my sister companion, my youngest brother and myself.

## CHAPTER IV

### EARLY EXPERIENCES IN THE PITS.

At the age of nine years I commenced to work in the pits, a time I had long looked forward to. I have had few happier days than my first day in the mine. Among our friends was a miner who frequently visited our home. One day he suggested to my mother the idea of my working in the pit. Mother replied that I was but a child and much too young to be at that kind of work, but he declared that there were many boys of my size working there. At any rate he would ask the boss if there was any chance of work for a boy of my age. It would be hard for me to tell how sincerely I thanked the miner for speaking to mother. How I longed for a favorable answer from the boss. I had heard the young boys speak of the enjoyment of beginning among the horses in the pits, and such was my highest ambition. I had always been fond of horses, and the idea of myself, in time, driving one, fairly distracted me.

When the news came that I was to report to the foreman as a helper to our friend, the miner, the idea of being with the other boys, and in working, thus being enabled to be of some assistance in the maintenance of the family, caused my cup of happiness to overflow. I gave vent to my happiness, in shouts of delight and a great many capers. At last the night came, which was to be succeed-



AS A BOY MINER.



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ed by the memorable morning. My mother had purchased such articles as I needed, a tin flask to carry my tea in, a lamp and a large colored handkerchief that was used to carry my bread. In those days no dinner pails were used among the miners. She also bought a pair of old, mismated shoes. When the hour to retire came the clock was set exactly right, so there would be no delay on that score. As for myself, I retired only. for not a wink of sleep did I get. My brain held a kind of jubilee over my happiness, and I lay awake celebrating and longing for the time to come. I was up and dressed before mother had finished calling me, and after a slight breakfast I was joined by my brother and sister, who were to see me make the start. I wish I had a picture of myself that early morning, so early that it was yet dark. I had just finished dressing when the miner, who had secured the position for me and was to present me to the pit boss, knocked on the door. Mother opened the door and he stepped in. She told him to keep watch over me, for she was well aware of the danger attached to working under ground, as explosions of gas in those days were more frequent than they are now and often resulted in great loss of life. For myself, I had no idea of the danger, and if I had it would not have frightened me in the least. Mother, brother and sister kissed me good-bye and we started. The miner led me by the hand, and I remember how frightened I was by being in the darkness. On our way several bands of men passed us, which helped to drive away my fear. Even with this company I was very timid, for I was a firm



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believer in ghosts and fairy creatures, which were said by the old grannies to occupy the woods at night.

It was quite a relief to me when we reached the pit. We were there on time and my friend was greeted by the other miners, who had assembled and were ready to descend. They saluted him in this fashion. "Hello, there. Where did you get the baby? You don't expect to put him to work, do you? He isn't worth a quarter of a turn." By this expression was meant that I was too young to claim, by the laws of mining, a quarter of a man's wages. I afterward learned if this was the case, that I would be of no value to the miner. Unless a boy could add a quarter of a turn to the wages of the man with whom he worked, he was regarded as useless. When my turn came to go down into the pit, I skipped quickly into the cage. Being so small that I could not reach the cross bar, the men had to hold me on. The engineer was signaled and the cage started. It seemed to me as though the rope, which held the cage, had broken. It dropped so suddenly that I thought my heart had stopped beating. On recovering from the shock, the miner told me to follow him. I followed at his heels as closely as possible, but could not see, although we had a light. I complained to the miner about it and he told me that my eyes would become accustomed to it in a short time. Every once in a while I tripped over a sleeper (a railroad tie) and bumped my head against the roof. After considerable walking we came to an open place, where the men congregated and talked over the affairs of the day. This morning my going to work

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was the subject of their conversation. They did not seem at all satisfied with my going to work so young. However, after they had talked over the matter and smoked awhile, the meeting adjourned and everyone went to his breast. I followed my boss to where he worked. After I had taken off my jacket and put it into its place, the boss showed me my duties, which were to shovel the coal in preparation for loading, to carry water, bring tools to him, etc. It seemed as though we had not been at work very long before we heard the jingling of horses' harness, which denoted that now both man and beast had fully begun the labor of the day. The cars came, which were hauled by horses to the junction and my friend, the miner, went out and brought one to our switch. We loaded it as rapidly as possible and made preparations for the second turn (car). While at work, I was afraid the shaft, which we came down in the morning, might close up and I would never see mother again. Long before the time came for quitting I was tired out and heartily glad when I could go home, although proud of my day's work. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon the miner said, "We'll go home now; our day's work is done." We went out by the way we came, and when reaching the bottom of the shaft we found many men waiting to be hoisted to the surface. The cage took but four men at a time and before my turn came to make the ascent I was afraid the rope might break. I was not alone in my fears, for in after years I heard men speak of passing through the same experience. Sometimes a cable, by

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which the cage was hoisted and lowered, broke and let the cage fall hundreds of feet, killing or maiming the unfortunate men who were on it. I had a relative who was badly injured in this way, and at one time my brother and myself, when young men, had just stepped out of a cage when the rope broke, and down went the cage, tearing the timbers into splinters. I said to my brother, "How close we came to being hurled into eternity and how unprepared we are." My guilty conscience spoke to me of my sinful life, but hope soothed it to rest with the thought that it might never happen again. How glad I was when we reached the surface. I hurried home as rapidly as possible and found mother awaiting me with outstretched arms. My brother and sister gathered around me; and my day's work and what I had passed through were the topic of conversation that evening.

After working a few days I was discharged on account of my tender age, but was soon taken back, and learned my duties so well that I was able to perform them without assistance. I had not been working there very long when a terrible accident happened, which caused me to vow that I would never go down into the pit again. The vein of coal in which I worked was the second from the surface. The one above was abandoned because its supply had been exhausted. From some unknown cause at a time previous to this, a fire had broken out in the upper, abandoned vein. A wall of brick had been built around it, which was usually the successful method of extinguishing a fire, as it cut off the air and prevented

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the fire from spreading. No attention had been paid to this vein, as it was thought to be safe. Gradually the fire found its way through the brick wall, creeping closer and closer to the shaft in which we were working. At first there was no attention paid to the smoke, as in most shafts there is more or less smoke. On this dreadful morning, when all the men were at work, we heard a cry of "Fire! Fire!" and we knew something terrible had happened, and also knew the extreme danger attached to such alarms. We ran, leaving our clothes, and on the way we overtook dozens of men, especially old men who were not able to make the headway of the young folks. Others were frantically hurrying to the shaft, as this was the only way of escape. As we passed some men, they exclaimed, "The shaft is afire and our escape is cut off." I cannot describe the horror of this fresh alarm, which meant that we would be suffocated in the mines and never see the dawn of another day. How my mind did work; I saw mother, brother and sisters; then thoughts of being burned to death came over me. Terror gave me wings; I fairly flew along and felt as though I could tear the earth open and once more reach the light of day. When I reached the shaft the place was filled with men and boys. Some were weeping, some praying and others calmly awaiting the result. It was true that the cage could not be lowered, as the fire from the vein above had reached the shaft and made it impossible for our present escape. After some time, and by means of which I do not know, the fire was subdued enough to permit the working of the cage. We

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at last reached the surface, passing through the dense smoke that was rolling up from below. How free I felt when I reached the surface from my supposed prison of death!

It was not long after this experience that I got into another kind of trouble. In this pit, called "Now Noble" there was a band of men who were not favorable to Protestantism. One of the drivers of whom I had become a favorite, whose name was William Hamilton, said to me one day: "Say, Sandy, have any of the boys in the pit interfered with you?" I answered, "Not much; only they don't treat me very kindly." He warned me to be watchful of them, for he feared they would do me some injury if possible. I did not fully understand what he meant by this, but was determined to keep clear of all trouble. I became so well acquainted with the work that I could go from the heading to the "lye" and bring a car without the assistance of my boss. One day while I was at this place, where all the boys gathered to get their cars that were brought in by the horses, a boy tried to pick a quarrel with me. I told him that I did not want to fight, that I was a comparative stranger in the pit and wished for no trouble with anyone. The larger boys told me that I was a coward and would have no peace unless I would take my own part. During this tantalizing mockery from these enemies of mine the train of cars came. Each one took the car that belonged to him, and I began to push mine. I had only moved a few yards when the boy who sought the quarrel, caught hold of my car and exclaimed,

"This is my car." Of course I refused to let him have it and we stood there wrangling. Finally he hauled off and struck me; then I commenced to defend myself. When my opponent's brother saw that I was getting the best of him, he rushed up and caught hold of my arms and held me until the boy gave me a good thrashing. I screamed for help, but all those malicious boys only laughed and said "It's good for him, he is not one of us, give it to him." When I was released, I made my way to my boss. When he heard my crying and saw that I was bleeding, he apparently knew what had happened. He rushed out to the switch, telling me to follow him. As soon as he reached the place of my encounter he began to inquire how the trouble commenced. The young men gathered around him like a swarm of bees. While the investigation was going on I saw the begrimed, evil-minded boy who had whipped me, standing at the outskirts of the crowd, amusing himself over the victory he had gained. At the sight of his undaunted manner, fear seemed to leave me, and I crept around to where he was standing and placed myself in the best possible position to strike him a hard blow. I then struck him squarely in the face, he yelled as though a knife had penetrated his heart. His screaming brought his father hurriedly to the spot, and without hesitation he struck my friend, the miner. This was too much for my boss. As quick as a flash of lightning my friend returned the blow and the old man tumbled and rolled quite a distance down the slope. This seemed to be the beginning of an interminable quarrel. The boss-driver came as

quickly as possible and for the time being the quarrel ceased. The mining boss threatened to discharge every man who would further this fight.

There was no more work that day; we all went home. On the way my friend talked over the great dangers that were ahead of us, if we continued to work in this pit. When mother learned of the trouble, she did not want me to go back to work, but the miner insisted on my being where he was. Next morning we returned to work as usual. Upon reaching the large smoking room, where the men congregated before going to their respective places, the first person we saw was the old man my friend had struck. His eyes were blackened and his face was in a distorted condition. Some of the men said "Hello, good morning." My friend answered and we sat down. Very few words passed between any of us until all the men had assembled, after which the subject of the fight was taken up. It was discussed from the beginning to the end, and the blame was placed upon the boy and his father. It was agreed upon that we should shake hands and let the whole matter drop. We commenced to work as before and everything went on smoothly. Little did I know that my first fight in the mines was with a class of people who had banded themselves together to destroy Protestantism. This was only a dripping of trouble I got into through these Molly McGuires. I do not know how long I worked in this pit called "Now Noble," but the time came when I moved to another to commence a new phase of my life.

My new position was that of a trapper. The duties

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of a trapper were to open the doors, sprag the cars and turn switches to allow the trains to pass on. My wages for this work were about a shilling a day, equal to twenty-five cents in American money. I had not been working here very long when I passed through another terrible catastrophe. The pit was situated near the river Clyde and was near an old grave-yard where some of the old Covenanters were buried. One day while running ahead of the horse to open a trap-door, upon reaching it, a terrible explosion took place; it sounded like that of an earthquake. I was knocked to the earth and lay in a dazed condition for a few minutes. Fortunately I had received only a shock and was speedily on my feet. The driver, who had gone through the same experience, called for me to follow him. We both ran toward the shaft. Upon coming close to a door, near the shaft's bottom, through the chinks and crevices, the smell of burnt horse flesh poured, indicating that some of the poor, dumb animals had been caught in the flames. The driver swung the door open, and there before our gaze stood and lay some poor horses with hair and flesh burnt from their bodies. Through the stench we hurried to the shaft's bottom, only to meet a more collapsing sight of our fellow men who had been caught in the explosion. The exigency of the occasion demanded all possible help for the sufferers. By this time the news of the explosion had reached the town, which threw it into a mournful state. Those who were able hurried to the shaft. Of course my mother and all of my relatives were among the confused people who stood around the mouth of the pit,



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waiting to see their loved ones come up dead or alive. When I reached the surface and once more appeared to mother's gaze, sound and well, her joy was indescribable. I am not able to recall the number of lives that were lost. After this, as after many other such calamities, all returned to work in their usual way

Language fails to describe another experience which I passed through when working alone in this pit at night. The reason for my passing through such an experience was on account of an injury that I had received from a horse, which disabled me from using my hands to do the work of a trapper. During the night a pump was kept at work in the mines, to keep the breasts clear of water, so that the men could have a dry place to work in the morning. This pump was worked by a blind horse that had to go around in a gin. My position was to drive the horse. Imagine a boy of ten or eleven years absolutely alone in a deep pit, hundreds of feet down in the earth, at night. I was frightened from the moment I was lowered until I was sent up by the men in the morning. Every fairy tale I had ever heard passed through my mind. I would imagine that every ghostly character of these stories was near me in person. While sitting in the manger, half awake and half asleep, suddenly I would spring to my feet, thinking I had heard some one call my name, only to awake from my dreaming and find it was the squeaking of the old pump, calling for oil. At times I would fall asleep, only to awake and find myself in total darkness, the oil in my lamp having burnt out. How long I managed to stick to this position I do



THE COAL PIT IN WISHAW.



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not know. I am sure I could not do it now. I probably worked at this for about two months, until my shoulders were quite healed, then I resumed my ordinary work in the pit. After this I was soon promoted to a higher position, that of taking care of a horse. No one could have been more devoted to his task than I, as I was always fond of horses. I was fairly devoted to this one, and often lay awake nights, thinking for its comfort. My duty as a driver was to haul cars up and down a gigantic slope. While working at this position I made friends with all in the pit, especially the mining boss, who, in his young days, had been a companion of my father's. My wages were increased from one shilling a day to seventy cents. Such wages, with the help of my youngest brother, who at this time had become a trapper, and my sister who was employed in a brick field, lifted our home out of the extreme poverty it had been in.

By this time my eldest brother, of whom I have spoken in previous chapters, was superintendent of a neighboring pit. He had some trouble with his drivers, who had struck for higher wages. He asked me to work for him and promised better pay than I was getting, a proposition I accepted. My duties under him were the same I had left. No accident of any note happened for some time, until one morning, while I was busy grooming my horse, a terrible explosion took place. I was blown against the horse, and the animal, frightened by the terrible concussion, almost trampled me under its feet. My brother was near by in the stables, and, like the rest of us, had been blown down, but quickly recovered and

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called for me to open the door, which was close to my stall. His manner terrified me and I realized that some great accident had taken place. I opened the door and he then called for the men. My opening the door enabled him to know where the explosion had taken place. No one seemed to heed when he called. He then started in the direction of the explosion. I thought he might have cared for me and stayed by me. Of course he knew I was safe and went to help the poor unfortunates. I made my way to the shaft, which was near by, expecting every moment to be my last. Had I known the nature of these explosions, I would have had no fear, for the danger was passed. Already there were many miners trying to get to the surface, but the "bottomer" would not permit them to go up out of the pit, stating that he had orders not to allow anyone to ascend. My brother had told him to send men in the direction of the explosion. After an explosion no one can be hoisted to the surface, except by those in authority. This discipline is enforced in order to avoid confusion and to retain help to search for the missing ones. By these rules being obeyed and men retaining their courage and coolness, many a life is saved. A certain system of search is carried on after an explosion in which the men are under strict discipline, unless the accident is so great as to endanger the lives of all who remain. My brother, after leaving me, made his way to the place where the explosion had occurred. Before he reached the place of disaster he came to an air course, and knowing that his light would not burn after passing this point, on account of

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the after-damp, he left it there. He then made his way in the dark, feeling as he went, in search of the men, but failed to find anyone in the first heading. He then groped his way into some of the breasts and there heard a moan. He called the names of some of the men he knew were there, but did not get an answer. He heard the moan a second time, but failed in his effort to find any one. By this time the fire-damp had almost exhausted him. He started for his lamp and on the way was overcome and fell. In that dazed state he turned and saw the flickering of his light. He then crawled on his hands and knees to the air course. After recovering and regaining his strength, he went in search of the men the second time. He hurried, feeling his way, into another breast, where he believed he was most likely to find his fellow sufferers. He was overcome the second time by the fire-damp, and there he would have perished had he not been rescued by others who were on the same mission as himself. During my waiting for the opportunity to ascend the shaft, I saw a gruesome sight I can never forget. One of the men who had been in the explosion came to the shaft. His clothes were burned almost entirely from his body, and the burnt flesh hung from his face and hands in ribbons. I can hear his moans yet as he cried, "For God's sake, some one take me home." Of course he was placed upon the cage and taken to the surface, where the whole population of the town had assembled. Those who had relatives working in the pit were there weeping for their loved ones below. What a joy it was to a mother to see her

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son, who had escaped, come to the surface. When mother saw me step from the cage, she rushed forward, and taking me in her arms, said, "Oh, my boy, how glad I am that you are safe!" I hurried home and changed my clothes, came back to the pit and joined mother, with other relatives, in watching the rescuers at their work. While these explorers were busy at work, the anxious crowd cheered them on. There is no other class of men braver than miners, when an explosion has taken place. They are nothing short of the bravest heroes. Think of a man going down into a shaft in which, by an explosion, everything has been dislocated. Rails, ties and props blown into heaps, permitting stones to fall in many places, and in most cases the oxygen burned from the air, which means the shortening of a man's life. Yet in the face of all this danger there is no scarcity of men. At this explosion, while the rescuers were at work, women moaned at the sound of the bell, which meant that some one, dead or alive, was being brought to the surface. At other times when the gong sounded there would be a stillness, as if every breath had ceased and every heart had stopped beating, until the cage reached the surface, and the rescuers had called to the onlookers to assist them; then a whisper would be passed through the crowd, mingled with moans, "Who is it?" When the identity was revealed, the mother, brother or sister would wail with sorrow. When my brother was brought to the surface, it made the whole family rejoice to learn that he had not been suffocated by the after-damp. He was in a critical condition, but after the

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regular treatment in such cases of this kind, he recovered enough to attend to his duties. Words are incapable of describing the situation of those poor families which had loved ones lost in that terrible disaster. Most of the victims were the heads of families, who were thus left with no hope of future support. It was some weeks before the pit was repaired sufficiently enough to permit work being resumed. When all had been set in running order, I was chosen to be the driver for the heading where the explosion had taken place. It was another task that seemed unbearable, but I dispelled the fear from my mind and obeyed those in authority. The ashes of this explosion had scarcely died out, when my brother and the fire-boss were arrested, on charges of having neglected their duties, and for that neglect they were blamed for the explosion. After the case had been thoroughly tested, it was proven that the fire-boss was to blame. He had failed to examine that part of the mine that dreadful morning, and he was imprisoned for three months. As a driver I continued, attending to my duties as faithfully as possible, having many close calls to death, especially on one occasion, when the huge fan ceased to send the air down to us. There were six men and myself engaged in clearing an old, abandoned heading. For some reason unknown to me we were put at this work, I presume to open a near cut to get at some newly discovered coal. One day when the noon hour came, I noticed that my light would not burn as brightly as usual. I kept picking at it to keep it burning, but it failed to draw the supply of oil needed.



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The men, by this time, had discovered that something unusual had happened. I could see that they were panic-stricken and tried to suppress the true condition of our situation. Before we could get in shape to start toward the shaft, which was quite a distance, our lights had burned down to a red crisp, which gave evidence of our going to be left in a dungeon. One of the company made stringent efforts to keep his light burning, so that we could find our way through a congested heading which had partly caved in and could be reached only by a guide who knew every fathom of the way. The men joined hands, placing me in the center so that my safety would be such as theirs. The miner who had the dying light took the lead and the others followed as quickly as possible. We had not gone very far before we discovered that we were traveling in the wrong direction and must turn back. This gave fresh fear of our suffocation before fresh air could be reached. We hurried back and were soon on our way to the air shaft. After traveling what seemed to me a mile the light burned out. Some of the men, at this startling occurrence, completely gave way to their feelings and said, "We are destined to death." The leader, with all the bravery and courage of a Wellington, said, "Come on, men, we will soon be in fresh air." New hopes were aroused in our breasts and we groped on in the darkness. My feelings, through fright and lack of oxygen, were as though I were falling into a deep sleep. Indeed it would have been death's sleep, had not relief come. At the moment of complete helplessness a voice sounded

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like the peal of a church bell when dying away, and said, "Hello, men, where are you?" Soon a faint answer was given and relief came. We were close to the air shaft when the voice was heard and we crept to the place from whence the sound came and soon were drinking in the reviving air. The voice we heard was that of the mining boss, who had come in search of us. Such are the experiences of the black-diamond cutter.

It was not long after this dreadful accident when my brother gave up his position and went out to do missionary work, thus causing me to go back to the pit from which he had hired me.

## CHAPTER V

### EVIL INFLUENCES.

It was while working as a driver in the coal pit called "The Old Graveyard," that I first contracted a strong appetite for alcoholic drink, which gained such a control over me that I became a victim to its degrading powers. That and other evil influences compelled me to leave Scotland.

My position, being that of a driver, enabled me to favor, in many ways, any miner I might choose. One favorite method was to unload some of the coal from the hutches as they were hauled from the miners to the shaft. When the shaft had been reached and we had returned with the empty cars, the coal that had been spilled would be gathered into one empty hutch and given to the miner whom we wished to favor. This meant a great deal to the lucky one, although very unfair to the men whose coal we had taken. It was by thus favoring a man whom I liked, and his desiring to show his appreciation, that I first distinctly remember being under the influence of intoxicating liquor. My age could not have been over twelve years when this degrading event occurred. It was the practice of the people, after marketing on Saturday evening, to congregate in the public houses (saloons), and there, over a glass of beer or whiskey, discuss the every-day happenings of their lives. It

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was in such a place, though I was present probably more through curiosity than any other desire, where I met my friend, the miner. I was wandering about in the hallway of the hotel, listening to the singing that was going on in the amusement rooms, when this favorite miner met me. He greeted me joyfully and took hold of my hand and urged me into the room where his companions were. I at first refused, but he laughingly said, "Be a man and come with me." By such means I was induced to drink my first glass of liquor. How many more I took that night I do not know, but when I left the room I was so staggering dizzy that I could scarcely walk. After the effects had somewhat worn off, I went home, concealing my condition from my mother as much as possible. From that evening the habit of drinking steadily increased, and I soon began to feel its magnetic, irresistible power of attraction. At last I organized a gang of boys about my own age, who, at my suggestion, put their little pocket money together, and we spent it in the village hotels for beer and whiskey. At first we were afraid that the hotel-keeper would not sell us the liquor; but we were mistaken. Like the majority of men in that soul-destroying business, he induced us to go into a private room and there willingly took our pennies, supplying us with drink and there amusingly made jests when we became intoxicated. As I think of it now it brings to me a feeling of repugnance and a desire for the privilege of youthfulness to begin life over. Every Saturday night we congregated there and spent our scanty allowances, usually very little, for our parents

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could not afford to give us much out of our small wages. However small the allowance we spent it to get drunk. From this beginning I soon joined the men in their carousals on public holidays, accompanying them on excursions to neighboring towns. I came back in such delirious states that it took days to work off that condition—days on which very little work was done in the pit. How true it is that when liquor is in, chastity leaves, and so it was in the case of us boys. Many other habits sprung up in our lives. May I warn the reader, if he is a boy, of what I have seen and passed through? How long will it take the world to be plain and speak so that boys will know of what they are in danger? If I had been fully acquainted with the laws of hygiene, when a boy, much more physical strength might have been developed in my being; but as ignorance took the place of knowledge and unlawful habits dominated among the boys, debility was the result. I hope the day will come when mothers will open the boys' or girls' ears and tell them the things they ought to know when they are children. Don't send a stranger with a message to your boy, which you should deliver yourself; talk to be understood. Take advice from one who has suffered from not knowing these things. Why should the reproductive function of nature be called vulgar to speak about? Have we not enough to introduce the subject? If the boy and girl cannot grasp what personal purity is, take him or her to the propagating of plants, and when you have made some impression upon their young minds then

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apply the same rules to the animal kingdom. When this lesson has been placed before the boy with perspicuity and a mother's love then you have cleared the way to introduce the broad subject of ethics.

When a boy in the pits, I had to listen to language pertaining to copulation, masturbation, etc., which was malignant to the moral ear. How much better it would have been for me to have heard the laws of hygiene discussed, with the watchful care of a devoted father, directing my mind into the symmetrical unity of a prolific spiritual life! The mind is the power that drives the boy up or down in the channels of success or failure. Set the compass right and the sailing will be smooth; then the portals of peace will be reached without a wreck.

The growth of these dissipated habits continued from one thing to another, until I came in contact with the dance hall. At this time I must have been fifteen years of age. I became a great frequenter of these places, a habit I would advise all young people to shun. It is true that a great many good and respectable people attend the dance, but it is also true that many a girl, leading a life of shame, owes her first downward steps to the allurements of these nocturnal practices. There can be no middle course. An attraction of any kind either benefits or degrades, in a more or less degree, according to the nature of the participant. The true Christian should spend no time in any place that does not tend to unlift and improve Christian character, or where they themselves can do no good. I am speaking now

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of the so-called places of amusement, places where we go voluntarily. No person is so indifferent to surroundings as to be absolutely free from influence for either good or bad. The influence may not at first be apparent in its action, but just so sure as one frequents these amusements, he is sure to lose his spiritual life. I speak not unadvisedly, but from actual experience. I know what I have gone through and know what my companions were at the time of which I speak. It matters not whether one's home is in Glasgow or in New York, human nature is the same. Neither does it matter whether these places attract miners or millionaires, or whether the clothing is of the working man's kind or the evening dress of the society woman, the results are sure to be the same. I have known girls to sorrow for a lifetime, in atonement for one night's dance. Men have committed more sin and shame during the course of a dance than they could repair if they lived forever. True, there is repentance, but happier, by far, are they who have no such sins to repent of. It is hard enough to lose one's own soul, but infinitely worse to be the cause of alluring others to the depths of hades. As I have said before, I am speaking from experience. I and others of like spirit were accustomed to hire a dance hall adjoining a public house. The laws required the closing of the hotels at eleven o'clock, but they were only closed to the outside world. Those who attended the dance could have all the liquor they desired and private rooms for their use. Is there any reader of this book who would like their sons or daughters to frequent such places? I

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am sure you would not. Do your children frequent dance halls? Yes, you say, but they are not so bad in this country (America) as these of which you speak. How do you know that they are not? They may not be quite so vulgar. Wickedness does not sit up all night drinking beer. It should be remembered that the devil puts on his best disguises to allure his victims. Do you think that because the dance is conducted by a literary society and not by a saloon there is no danger? Do you think that Shakespeare is the only topic of conversation while your dear ones are going through the movements of the waltz, or that their thoughts are on Milton or their coming Sunday school lesson? No, by no means. Environments furnish material for thought and thought brings forth action. Of course, there are people, through all temptation, who resist sin; but no amusement should be tolerated which has a tendency to lead one astray. There are dangers enough surrounding the Christian's life, over which we have no control, without willfully going into such danger. You say, "Oh, well, you can frequent such places and easily defeat any temptation that may come." Permit me to illustrate: Which general would be the wiser; the one who allows his enemy to capture his outworks and then only defends his citadel, or the one who would strengthen his outworks and throw out his men as a means of defense, to meet the enemy before he even reaches the city? The first general, you would say, is a fool; the second you would say, is a wise, cautious man and you could depend upon him and feel secure under his banner. Yet, how many of you are



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like the first general; you give in to this little sin and that little sin and say, "Oh, if it comes right down to it I can say stop; I can drive away evil!" Not a bit of it; you lose your citadel, your soul. The enemy encompasses you, because you let him in the first place overcome your outposts. You weaken yourself and you fall. To those who frequent such amusements I would say this: According to our Saviour, the second great commandment is this: "Love your neighbor as yourself." How then can you love your neighbor, who is every human being, when you not only tolerate but patronize places wherein he or she meets ruin. I believe firmly that a Christian should no more sanction a dance hall than a brothel. Let me say a few words in regard to theatres:

I know that the majority of people say that there is no harm in attending a theatrical performance; that many Christians and even ministers attend them; that there are many good and excellent plays with a moral as good as the best sermon; that on the stage virtue is ever triumphant and sin is ever condemned and punished. In spite of their many arguments, I say that the stage tends rather to degrade the mind than to elevate it; that its influence is generally bad and that it often creates a longing that is far from a Christian ambition. How many of us in our younger days have been completely led away by the fascination and glamor of the stage! Many a night I have spent walking the floor and dreaming that I was some great tragedian swaying the passions of the world. I seriously contemplated

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leaving my home and going with a troupe that was playing in the town where I lived; but for once, my lack of education stood me in good stead, for it prevented me from carrying my plans into execution. I say that no man can be a theatre goer and be a spiritual, Christian man, and when a man who considers himself a Christian attends theatres, it is a sign that, though he may be what the world calls a good man, he is very far from being a spiritual man and quite incapable of holding himself up as an example or of teaching the word of Christ; for our teachings are always controlled to some degree by our own beliefs and no man who believes it is right to attend theatres, can teach the true word as it should be taught. Read the Bible; turn to Matthew V, 14, and see what it says. "How can you be the light of the world if you do not keep yourself ahead of the world?" Sam Jones, the evangelist, says that there are places where a light will not burn and I believe that the theatre is one of those places. Read again what it says in I Thess. V, 22: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." There, the emphasis is on "appearance." You must not deviate one iota from the teachings of the Bible, which is Christ, if you wish to be a Christian. Again, in II Corinthians the sixth and fourteenth verse: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness and what communion hath light with darkness?"

Spiritual life and those evil practices are like oil and water; they may be mixed by stirring, but left alone they will separate.

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In closing this chapter I will relate how the card table precipitated me into sitting up all night, and gambling away my time, health and money? It seems to me that a volume of obnoxious, smothering moral decay floats around every card table, and is ready to poison the mind of the boy when he shuffles the cards for the first time. When I commenced this game, I had no intention of letting it get the better of me, but it did absolutely. I had seen others who had, in my mind, gone too far. One in particular, lived close to our home. He was what might be called a card fiend. Some fatal disease took hold of him and when the physician saw that there was no hope of recovery, the Christian people gathered and prayed for him. It was too late. He died in extreme agony, stating that before his vision stood a pack of cards. I was confident that I could quit at any time, but like many others soon found that the force of habit was controlling my better judgment. In the evenings, after returning from work, the appointed place of indulgence, either in a public house or a private home, would be speedily sought, and there we would sit all night until the working hours of the morning compelled us to abandon, only to return in the evening to try and regain what money we had lost. There is something about this game that has a peculiar fascination to the person who has a fair knowledge of putting the cards together. I found only one way by which a man could quit playing and that was when his money was all gone. These games of which I speak often broke up in a regular pandemonium, the players cherishing malignant feeling toward each other,

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which led to many a quarrel. Reader, if you are a Christian, "how can a clean thing come out of an unclean thing." Avoid such things.

## CHAPTER VI.

### POACHING EXPEDITIONS.

At the age of fifteen I was able to do the work of a man. Ever since I commenced I had done my best to acquire the art of mining coal. I spent all my leisure time studying the work performed by the men about me. When I had gained the necessary knowledge of any department I commenced to perform that work.

The mine in which I first worked when a little boy was the pit in which I began this phase of my life. As I walked to the pit, now no longer frightened with the idea of ghosts and goblins, I could not help thinking of that first morning, when a little fellow of nine, I had traveled over the same road, filled with superstitious fears. Having gained confidence in my ability to perform the required work of a miner, and having satisfied the boss to that effect, I was started by him in a breast by myself. I had no sooner commenced to work than I noticed the mist of that old, decayed trouble rising among the men. They soon learned that I was the cause through which the old "Molly" had been so badly injured by the favorite miner who had asked mother to let me work in the pit. I made the acquaintance of those of my faith as speedily as possible. At times I came nearly giving up my position, fearing that this amalgamated association of men might do me some bodily injury, and then

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pretend that I was hurt by some accident. However, I drove cowardice behind me and called upon my better part to be master over the situation. During the morning intervals of smoking and chatting, in the same place where the quarrel had originated, they would try to draw me into arguments about the French and Prussian war that was then being waged. Of course I kept mute and pretended that this was all foreign to me, as I was unable to read the papers to enlighten myself on the topics of the day. At times, as I listened to these sarcastic, vindictive insinuations aimed at those not of their faith, I felt like retaliating; but again my better sense taught me that I would only be pulp along side of those atrocious perpetrators. Sometimes these enemies were provoking beyond endurance, but circumstances caused the sufferer to grin and bear.

When I started to be a black-diamond cutter, I believed that I would be able to do the work of a man, so my judgment, for once, did not fail me. In a brief space of time I was counted among the senior class of miners. My wages afforded a larger surplus of spending money. This was the grading of me, among those who stepped up to the bar and called up the drinks for the crowd. Permit me to insert here a parenthetical expression: (Destroy the habit of treating at the bar and much would be done to alleviate the suffering caused by excessive drinking.) Not only in the pit did I come in contact with those not of our clan, but in the public houses, when we were having a good time, we met face to face. Trouble between the two parties continued to

brew, until one Saturday evening, after getting through with our day's work, we met in a hotel, in a room provided with chairs and everything to make us comfortable. Here we drank freely until we were well drunk. During the evening many party songs were sung, which stirred the animosity of our party to a high tension. When the hour to close the public house came, we were ready for a Waterloo. Upon reaching the street that led to our home, I met two young women of my acquaintance. I felt somewhat embarrassed on account of the intoxicated feeling I had; however, a few words were exchanged, and my brother who was with me, and I started to accompany the girls to their homes. On the way we overtook many of those undesirable people who lived in the slum part of the town. At one point along our way was located a large furnace, from the huge stacks of which belched forth brilliant flames of fire like that of tophet, giving light so that there was no possible chance for anyone to be secreted from an enemy. We had not gone very far when the line of demarkation was clearly discerned. We shunned every insult that was thrown at us and endured with patience the throes of anger that were stirring within our hearts. We longed for the opportunity to rebut the sarcastic remarks of the intruders. Upon reaching the first row of houses we stopped to bid good night to the young women. At this point another attempt was made to start a fight. Fearing the anticipated punishment that awaited us, we kept silent, but they still insisted on starting a quarrel. I was then actively aroused to the

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real sense of our danger and whispered cunningly to the girl nearest to me "Follow me " By this time all the light-headedness of the evening's drinking had vanished and I was stirred to the utmost, ready to inflict punishment by any possible means. When we had reached the end of the hawthorn hedge that extended from the corner of the alley which led into a court like that of the Roman forum, where a street extended to another main thoroughfare, I dispatched the girl to call our gang as speedily as possible. By this time, my brother, who was at the other end of the thorn hedge, was surrounded by a crowd of these malicious thugs who were trying in a very tantalizing manner to get him to fight one of their bullies who was a hotel-keeper by the name of Sweeney. Before our gang appeared the congested state of the people who had thronged about caused an interference and my brother escaped. He quickly reached my concealed place and there we waited for our comrades to appear. Sweeney and his followers passed on, applauding themselves over the abuse they had heaped upon us, stating that they ought to have matured the long-standing grudge to its fullest capacity. In less time than it takes me to write this, my female messenger was on her way with the boys who desired no friend punished. When they reached us what had happened was stated. Their anger was aroused and they said "We will overtake them and inflict punishment." The girls retired and we followed to overtake our enemies before they reached their homes. When we came together a sanguinary encounter ensued. The battle raged furiously for



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a short time. We were driven off, only to come together again in a few minutes. Crowds gathered on both sides, using all kinds of weapons, inflicting serious wounds that would be carried to the grave. The police were summoned and forced the crowd to disperse, after which a few men were found, so badly disabled that they had to be carried away. The authorities soon found the leaders of our gang and arrested seven of us. This was the first time that I had been handcuffed, and not knowing the result of the wounds of those who had been most seriously hurt, I felt that perhaps mother's words were true, when she said that if I did not give up my sinful life, the gallows would end my career. As I lay in jail that night I made a vow that I would live a better life if ever I got free. This I had done before, but each time the old, reckless habits were too fascinating for me. Fortunately we had to be confined only one night in jail. The court convened at 10 a. m. and our case was the first on the calendar. After some contention over a few points of law, between the lawyers, we were arraigned before the court. At the closing of the case one of the opposing witnesses, who desired that I should be punished more severely than the others, gave strong evidence that I was to blame for the riot. I was agreeably surprised by receiving only a fine, instead, as I had expected a long term of imprisonment.

After my release from court I realized that I must change my place of work, so as to avoid being seriously dealt with by my opponents who worked in the same pit. I soon found work from a boss with whom I was

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very well acquainted, and under whom I had some brothers-in-law working. They found me work, such as I desired, especially that of the highest wages possible. In my new field of labor many headings were being driven for air courses. This caused some men to work at night. This was the kind of work I began to do. While I was working nights I had a strange experience with a supposed ghost. It was Sunday night when I started to the pit called "the Hethery"; the hour for beginning of work was twelve o'clock, so as not to break the Sabbath day. When I left home it was very dark, only the twinkling of a star here and there could be seen through the scudding clouds; the wind was blowing the slender trees earthwards, this giving warning of great danger to the man who was acquainted with the nature of gas in the pit. Upon reaching the shaft I signaled the engineer. He lowered the cage and I made the descent. When I reached the bottom I felt the danger of an explosion; I was then determined to use all precaution, more so because I was in the pit alone. Upon arriving at the end of the track that led from the bottom of the shaft, where a large chest stood, made for the purpose of holding all the gauze and Davy lamps that were used by the fire-boss, I stopped and unlocked the chest, setting such lamps in order as would keep me in safety. After I had extinguished my naked light I started down a gigantic slope that led to my place of work. It was not a pleasant thing to be in the bowels of the earth at the dead of night, with a guilty conscience speaking to a man. This was my position,

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although I tried to drive the unpleasant thoughts away. A squeezing, sparking noise of the coal aroused my convictions more strongly. In the pit that night, I had no thought of seeing anyone until the next day, when the men came to relieve me from work. This slope was worked by an endless chain which necessitated stationary pillows in the center of the track. The dim light had caused me to pay particular attention to these pillows, fearing that I would stumble over them, so that little chance was given me to keep watching ahead. Just as I reached where a quick turn had to be made, the form of a man appeared and my mind seemed to leave me for a second. When I came to my right senses I realized that the object feared was a man and not a ghost. As the old maxim says, "Birds of a feather flock together," so here we were, both of a kind. The supposed ghost was a man by the name of Crugin, who was not unlike myself in getting into trouble at times, and had to be a fugitive to escape the law. The Saturday night previous he had got mixed up in a quarrel and was now taking his tools out of the pit, to escape in the night. How true it is that enmity reaches a climax sooner or later; so these quarrels continued until murder was planned against me.

I continued to work in this Hethery pit for quite a time, seeing many symptoms of trouble. Had I been enabled to look ahead, I might have avoided serious trouble for others. Like many of the Saturday nights on which we had a special good time, we met to add one more of these festive times to the list. We selected

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a large room, giving place to others who wished to join us. No disturbance occurred until a company of our enemies entered the room. They seated themselves at another table. There they sat, using all kinds of slang language designed to cast slurs at us. During the course of the evening many party songs were sung, which only irritated us to the extent of violence. At eleven o'clock we were notified to leave the hotel. From the door of our room, extending to the street, was a narrow hallway, affording little opportunity for two to pass. The opposing party was the first to leave the room; when we started, one of my friends said to me, "Look out, for they are laying for you." I no sooner had reached the hall than I was attacked and a quarrel ensued. The police soon dispersed the crowd, each taking his own way, fearing an arrest. I was sure that some premeditated crime awaited us. I had not gone very far from the main street when I heard a cry of murder. My brother-in-law who was traveling ahead had been stabbed, the assailant supposing he was I. The would-be murderer fled instantly, but was soon captured. My brother-in-law was carried home and the doctor summoned. His injury was examined and it was found that the knife came within a quarter of an inch of his heart. Within a reasonable time he recovered sufficiently to attend to his work. The culprit was tried, after lying in jail three months, and then sentenced for another space of time. This, with many other escapes, have I passed through, while in this reckless mode of living. I will now turn to my poaching expeditions and relate

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some of my adventures, as well as memory serves me:

Once, while under the influence of drink, I proposed to the boys that we go poaching, in which they joined gladly. We spent that and many another early morning in trespassing on different land-owners' estates, shooting rabbits and hares, or catching them with dogs, which was a grave offense and one for which the perpetrators were severely punished. Our shooting did not mean with a gun, but with a sling-shot. A gun would have made too much noise and quickly brought the game-keepers upon us. I presume every boy knows what a sling-shot is. It is a weapon made out of a crotched stick, with especially made rubber joining the forked ends and a leather pocket to hold the stone attached to the center of the rubber; this rubber was drawn back to its fullest extent, then let go. The bullet, usually a piece of iron, when shot off with such force, meant death to any bird or small animal, and perchance would stun a man or a larger animal. So expert did we become in the handling of this peculiar weapon that some of us could hit an object a distance of thirty-five or forty feet. My first serious adventure in this unlawful sport was on a Sunday morning after we had been turned out of a public house where we had spent the night in drinking and playing cards. As we were not yet satisfied to go to our homes, different ways were suggested by which to pass the remaining hours of darkness. We agreed upon nothing until, just about day-break, one by the name of John Hill, who possessed a greyhound well trained to hunt hares and rabbits, said



THE OLD MILL AND HUNTING GROUND NEAR WISHAW.



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let us take "Sandy's" first suggestion and go poaching. To this some agreed and others, fearing the dangers attached to such sport, objected. At last three of us agreed to go. The time was limited for such sport, as it was near the time at which the village folks awoke, and the cocks were already heralding the approaching of the day. We started in the direction of the river Clyde. Before we reached the hunting ground the sun had arisen over the distant hills, casting a hue of beauty upon the robe of nature. Nature looked her best; the picturesque, elevated fields, surrounded by the old-fashioned hedges, the song of the thrush, the lark and the black bird—all these were adding to the grand array of nature. How beautiful was the river in the distance, the far-off hills indistinct through the neutral shades of the early morning; but the beauty of it only came to me afterwards when my mind was clear and my thoughts were free from the exciting events that I anticipated. After we had reached the foot of the grade which was shaded by the mist arising from the river, we felt that we were at our first testing place. It was an ideal hunting ground which we knew abounded with game. We released the dog, which started off, glad at being free from the chain. With all the ardor of a dog devoted to the hunt, he coursed the fields in search of his prey. Although he started up a good number of hares, we failed to catch any, owing to their nearness to the woods. When once the game reached the cover it was quite impossible to catch them. The usual way to capture rabbits, the habit of which is to spend the nights in the



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fields, and in the day time to return to the holes in the forest, is to come upon them from the woods just before daybreak. They know only one way of escape, that is to make haste for the cover. If you are in the way they squat close to the ground, so as to avoid detection. We had at one time a pair of greyhounds, which were so well trained that we could attack our game from the opening and still accomplish the desired purpose. Before starting operations one of the dogs would run on to the woods and the other would drive the hares or rabbits before him. The hunted animals would make their way for the cover, where number one dog headed them off and captured all it could. These hares were very wily and knew that on a long run before a dog, their only chance was to turn shortly in another direction, thus causing the dog, which being much larger and not being able to make the unexpected turn so quickly, to tumble a somersault. The hare would escape before the dog could regain his speed. Being disappointed with our success in this field, we journeyed on to another, which was almost completely surrounded by woods, and rather too near the mansion of the estate for real safety. The road we traveled to enter this field was bounded on either side by woods; at its end, leading into the field, was a large gate erected to keep out trespassers from a beautiful nursery that lay inside, which was the habitation of all kinds of game. Before we reached this gate, I grew deathly sick, the result of the night's drinking. By the time I recovered, my companions, who had gone on ahead, were amusing themselves over the game they

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were catching. When I reached the gate I had to rest upon the bars in order to support myself. The good work of the dog soon aroused me to activity. At each end of this gate extended a large brush fence which nearly encircled the field, giving a complete cover for the game-keepers to secrete from the poachers. Little did we know how near danger was. Kennedy, who was in the field gathering the game as the dog caught it, was just coming toward us, laden with game, for us to relieve him, when suddenly I heard the brush crackle, and turned quickly toward the spot from where the noise came. I was just in time to leap out of the way of a blow aimed at me by a game-keeper; it was a narrow escape and I was taken completely by surprise. I made at the top of my speed up the grade we had just traveled over. It was fortunate for me that I was followed by the oldest game-keeper who could not run fast. I was soon joined by Hill who had also escaped. The old game-keeper soon gave up the chase, particularly, I believe, because he was afraid to follow us. When we found that we were no longer pursued, we sat down, hoping to be joined by our companion, William Kennedy. We waited there for some time but when he failed to appear we then made our way toward home, hoping that the game-keepers would not know who we were. I then realized what it was to have the authorities after me for poaching. I recalled what mother had told me, the trouble father had got into at one time, through this unlawful sport. He had been captured and was in prison for three months, and when released he was

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turned back again another three months for administering a severe thrashing to a game-keeper. This drove terror to my heart and I repented of the proposal I had made the night previous, that we should go poaching.

By the time we reached home it was about five o'clock. Some people were astir, principally two classes. Those who made it a practice to rise early and those who had been drinking all night and were making their way home and to bed. Hill and I made up our minds to say nothing about the adventure, but in the event of Kennedy's being captured to quickly pay his fine and secure his release. With these thoughts on my mind I retired, but had scarcely laid myself down, when I heard a great uproar on the street, of women and men shouting. I soon learned that Kennedy had been captured and was on his way to jail. I also knew that my chance of escaping the law was all over, for the police of the town knew Kennedy, and knew that where he was, Hill and I could not be far off. I did not venture into the street until the crowd had passed the door. I then cunningly appeared and tried to keep out of sight from the game-keepers. I saw the people press around the prisoner, with whom they entirely sympathized; for, although poaching was a crime in the eyes of the nobility, the poorer classes considered it a God-given sport. The crowd jostled the game-keepers, asking them why they had arrested the young man. To this they answered that he was their prisoner. One woman, more daring than the rest, took Kennedy by the arm and attempted to drag him from the keepers. The crowd cheered, and

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the keepers being enraged by such action, pushed the woman back. This aroused the crowd to such a pitch that they attacked the game-keepers, who defended themselves manfully with their clubs. However, the crowd was too much for them and they were badly beaten by the mob and the prisoner released. The police, who were on their beat at the time, were soon attracted to the scene. Upon their arrival, the crowd soon disappeared, and those to blame soon concealed themselves. The game-keepers were removed and their wounds attended to. All that day, which was the Sabbath, we kept secreted from the police who were scouring the town to arrest all that were engaged in the assault.

When night came we gathered together what extra clothes and things we needed and left that part of the country, traveling by roads least known, until we landed near Glasgow. Here we found work in a pit at our usual occupation. For some time we remained away, until my brother James, who was then a preacher, knowing the great need of my being at home with mother, went to the nobility, on whose estates we had been poaching, and begged of them to deal leniently with us. He succeeded, and in a few days we returned and appeared before the magistrate. Our case was tried in Hamilton court. Language fails me when I try to describe how I felt under this severe test of judgment. I knew that in these poaching expeditions there was great danger, yet I never believed that I would be captured. However, I now realized the severity of these lords and dukes and I

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quivered at the idea of a trial. The court of Wishaw, that of our own town, had not the power to try our case. It had to go to the higher court, which was that of Hamilton. The morning on which we were arraigned before the court the place was packed with sympathizing people who were always on the side of the poor boys caught hunting. When the case was ready to be tried, Hill, Kennedy and myself were placed before the judge, with a policeman on each side. At our left, seated in rows, were the nobility who composed the jury.

When they looked at us, my legs trembled like Belshazzar's when he saw the hand-writing on the wall. It was a trying place for a boy, especially when he was taught that poaching was one of the greatest crimes in the land. During the trial my brother was quite busy interceding for us. When the game-keepers were put on the witness stand they swore that we were not only hunting on that morning of our capture, but that it was our continual practice. At the close of the case the old, fatherly-appearing judge addressed the jury, and then turned to us and said: "You are guilty of a great crime." Then he continued to give us advice and at the close stated that because this was our first offense at poaching, we would be released by paying a fine. I could not have rejoiced more if I had been released from the charge of murder. Upon leaving the court I formed new resolutions and said I would never be caught in the act of poaching again, but like the many other good resolutions I had made, this one quickly vanished, and I soon had another poaching experience.



HAMILTON JAIL, SCOTLAND,  
Where Author was Prosecuted for Poaching.



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I was still working in the pit where I had met the supposed ghost. This pit was situated, as indeed were all the pits in that vicinity, on a nobleman's estate. The road to the pit led through a part of the country abounding with game, and in the early mornings it was customary to see the rabbits and hares scudding across the fields to their holes in the woods. At these sights, how I longed to catch them and cursed those who made the laws prohibiting a poor man to hunt. At these sights I longed for a greater freedom, as my disposition was of a roving nature. My greatest desire was to fish and hunt; nor did I strive to resist the temptation, but every opportunity found me sling in hand and a dog at my heels, after the game. It so happened at one time that I had some special work to perform in the pit, which I did at night when the other men employed were off duty. The coal I dug during the night was not hauled until the next day, consequently when it was credited to me at the head office, it was dated on the day it was dug. On this point rests my story. I had a companion by the name of Robert Pollock who worked in another pit on the same shift I did. We quit at about the same hour in the morning. This gave us the greater part of our leisure time together. It happened one Saturday evening, while I was in a public house drinking, that my friend Pollock came in with a newly acquired dog. It was the most peculiarly marked animal I ever saw. It was of a dirty white in color, with the exception of a jet-black streak that covered entirely one-half of its face, the center of its nose and the point of its chin, making



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an exact dividing line. It looked so singular and so comical, that at first sight it was generally greeted with a burst of laughter. As it was a hunter and quite unknown in that region, the sight of this singular animal gave me a great longing to hunt. Pollock and I, when we left the public house, made up our minds to test him at the first opportunity. We also realized that we must keep him off the streets to avoid detection. We then arranged to quit work at a certain hour some convenient morning and thoroughly test the dog. The appointed time came and we met, I taking with me my brother's dog, my own being too well known to the police in case of capture; whereas, my brother's greyhound was marked the same as other dogs in the town. These plans we laid in case of being seen by the gamekeeper, so that we would not be recognized by the color of the dogs. It was dark when we started, our spirits were high and the dogs were eager for the hunt.

We shunned the place of my previous capture and went to another estate where we supposed more safety awaited us. We kept the dogs fastened until we came to a desirable place, so that they would not be tired out with romping by the time we reached the field of work. The place selected had a railroad running through it, leading to a pit, and at one end of the field stood a large mansion, and at the other end a nursery studded with fir trees which formed a splendid cover for the game. From the woods we entered the field, in order to prevent the game from escaping before we had a chance to let the dogs after them. Just as soon as we appeared

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in full view, the game started in every direction. They were so near to the woods that the dogs failed to capture any. We were pleased at the efforts of our new dog but determined to test him further. We tried several other selected places but had no luck. The dogs, however, had several lively chases, giving us proof that we had obtained a fine dog for the work intended. When daylight broke fortune seemed to be against us, for we had hunted all night and caught nothing. We could see the miners winding their way to the different pits showing us that it was time to give up the sport and make our way home before we were seen by the game-keeper. We started in the direction of home, but had not gone far before we saw another opportunity, which apparently might be dangerous, but agreed to test it rather than to go home without game. We started the dogs and they soon found their prey, a large hare, which was making its way for the cover when the dogs saw it. This created an exciting time for a few minutes. The dogs, though tired by the night's running, worked as though this was their last chance of the morning. The hare also felt that death was near and it was active in using a skillful way to escape. It was amusing to see how cleverly that animal would turn out of the way of the dogs and leave them to go on ahead, each struggling for mastery over the situation, but the hare came off more than conqueror and reached the cover without being caught. The poor dogs returned to us, looking much disappointed, with their tongues hanging out. This sign showed plainly that they de-

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sired water. We soon found them some water, and we were just making our way to the public highway, when a tall game-keeper sprang in front of us and exclaimed, "Well, boys, you have had a good morning's sport." He uttered it in any way but a cheering manner. What a shock it was to me. The whole trial of the other case passed before me like a panorama and the words of the old judge, warning me that if ever I was caught again a severe sentence of hard labor would be passed upon me. We tried to tell him that we had not been poaching. He speedily informed us that he had been watching our movements for hours. His statements convinced me that he had been following us, watching for an opportunity to make an arrest. We knew that there was no use of denying our guilt, so we took another plan to escape. While we ranged on the highway, I noticed that he was taking account of every mark of both us and the dogs. I saw an opportunity of escape by threatening him with death if he notified the officers and had us arrested and further stated if we went to jail and ever were released, his life would be in danger. He perceived our determination and our rough appearance caused him to hesitate in attempting to make our arrest. We then took advantage of his fear and speedily escaped. We traveled in an opposite direction from our home, so as to throw him off his guard as to who we were. When we had gone about a mile we then began to plan for our safety in case we were pursued. The first thing that must be done before reaching Wishaw was to dispose of our new dog. Its

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peculiar face was now in the way. We knew that this queer mark on the dog would lead to our detection. One thing in our favor was that the dog was a stranger to Wishaw. The police of the town had never seen this dog. When this conclusion was reached we took up stones and drove him from us. This we extremely regretted after the faithfulness of the dog in the hunt all that night. However, necessity knows no pity, and after we had driven the animal clear out of our sight we returned to Wishaw without him. Upon our way home we agreed to say nothing about the night's escape to anyone and started to work as usual.

In a few days my companion received a new position in another town, not knowing that the game-keeper and the police were still playing detective on our case. About two weeks passed, and hearing nothing from the authorities about the case, I became elated over my escape, thinking that I had driven the game-keeper into silence by my threat. On my way home one evening, from work, I saw my brother-in-law running towards me, in an excited state. I could see by the expression of his face that something unusual awaited me there. I was not much surprised when he said: "The police and game-keeper are awaiting your return." I hesitated not knowing what to do. At first I felt like leaving the country, remembering the penalty for being caught poaching the second time. For a few minutes I was undecided what to do. I then said to my brother-in-law, I will brave it out and swear that I was not the man. I knew that there was only one man to prove that I did

not work after two o'clock that morning. He was the mining boss and also my friend. I remembered, too, that the coal I had dug, as I said before, would be credited to me as though I had dug it during the time I had been poaching. I at once sent word to the mining boss, telling him about the whole affair, so that he would be on his guard, if the police came to him; that he should tell them that I was working on the morning of the trespassing. I then went to the house. When I arrived there the policeman and the game-keeper had left, stating that they would return in a short time. I had been in the house only a few minutes when they returned. By this time, my brother William, who was next to me in age, and who had some resemblance of me when dressed in our mining apparel, had just returned from his day's work when the policeman and game-keeper stepped into the house. They asked mother if we were her sons. Of course, she said yes. This the policeman previously knew, for he was well acquainted with us; but he had no knowledge that what the game-keeper said was true. When they were through conversing with mother, I said to the game-keeper, "What are you looking at me for and then at my brother?" I could see that he had detected my voice, but did not recognize my face on account of its blackness, having not yet washed. He seemed somewhat puzzled and undecided as how to act. The officer, however, was not so easily deceived, and ordered us to wash and change our clothes. This we proceeded to do, I taking great care not to put on the clothes that the game-keeper had seen me

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have on the morning I escaped him. When we were dressed mother called them from the door to where they had retired, giving us a chance to wash. Just as the game-keeper saw my clean face he recognized that I was the man and said "You are the fellow." I firmly denied his assertion and turned to the policeman and said, "He does not know for whom he is looking." A few words were passed between us, then I questioned the keeper as to the time when he saw me. He then mentioned the time. I said "You are mistaken; I can prove that on that very morning I was at work in the pit." The policeman said, "Very well, Sandy, (the name by which I was called in those days) prove that and you will be released." The game-keeper then whispered something to the policeman, which I supposed was to ask about the peculiar-looking dog; then the policeman said, "Where is the dog you had with you—the one so peculiarly marked?" At this mention of the dog, although fear had possession of me, I could scarcely suppress a smile when I thought of the circumstances that surrounded the dog. I believe that there never was and never will be another such dog. I answered the policeman's question by saying, "You know all the dogs in the town and you also know that there is not such a dog as you describe in Wishaw. The men you saw must have come from another place." I could see that the policeman himself had some doubt regarding the game-keeper's accusation. I then suggested another strong proof of my not being the man. I said to them "You can go to the head office and there on the books

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you will find proof that I was working on that day this man claims to have seen me." They started off to see the mining-boss at the office. A day or two passed before I heard anything of the investigation, until a young man of my acquaintance who worked in the same pit as my friend Pollock told me that the policeman and game-keeper were at the head office, inquiring for me. They then came to the pit and sent down for me, whom they supposed was Pollock. When I reached the surface they were soon satisfied that I was not Pollock. By this the policeman was well satisfied that the game-keeper did not know for whom he was looking. No more was heard from them until about a month had passed, when the lord of the estate sent a message to me that he did not understand the mystery that was attached to the case of his game-keeper's seeing me poaching, but he was satisfied that I was the man, and that if ever I was caught again no mercy would be shown me.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MARRIAGE AND LEAVING SCOTLAND.

It was during the period covered by the last two chapters, that I first became acquainted with the lassie who afterward became my wife. Although we had lived in close proximity to each other from our childhood, we had never met until one morning when I was on my way to work. Her parents had been neighbors of ours for years and were in about the same circumstances as ourselves, her father following mining as an occupation, which afforded only a meager support for the family. I had not gone far from the house, when the one who was to be my future help, support and comfort, appeared on the same mission as myself, going to her work. I said to myself, who is this slender, round-faced, fair-haired, light-complexioned girl that I have noticed going to work at the same time as myself? With these thoughts in mind, I resolved to speak to her as she passed. I did so, and she smiled and passed on. Young women in Scotland in those days were not brought up in quite the same way as the working girls of this country, nor did they dress the same as the American girls. Their ideas of what was proper as to clothing were quite different. Their evening dress was made of cloth decorated with very broad stripes in striking colors, red, black or yellow and red. I presume the idea



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of color came originally from the Scotch clans. Among our class there was no such thing as formal introduction. If you met a friend you knew, and he or she was accompanied by anyone else, you immediately commenced to converse without any ceremony. If you met singly on the street and desired to speak, you did so, and nothing was thought of it. It was a sort of good fellowship that existed among the working classes. I presume it was different in higher society, but in the class to which I belonged there was no social etiquette whatever. In the evening young women walked out usually in pairs, and at times would bunch together with a company of boys, and perhaps one of them would play an accordion while the others waltzed on the highway. I am not speaking of the whole of Scotland in this description, for it is said that in that country there are different customs and accents every seven miles. It was not long after this morning when I first met my future companion, that we became more intimately acquainted with each other, which acquaintance finally grew into my deciding to get married and to leave the old country. During this period many things occurred through my sinful habits, which might not be of interest to the reader, so I will only touch upon a few things leading up to my coming to America.

My first experience with a knife and fork, and a very sad one to my dignity, was in the city of Glasgow, where I took a young lassie of my acquaintance in the company of others, to spend the day. During our stay in the city, we entered a restaurant. When everything was set be-

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fore us, in Scotch fashion, we commenced to use the knives and forks. In my encounter with them they fairly got the better of me, and the lassie, seeing my embarrassment, came to my relief and showed me how to use a knife and fork for the first time.

As I grew older, my mother and those who were interested in my welfare hoped that I would marry and give up my wayward life. Although I had made up my mind to marry the slender young woman I had met that morning going to the brick field, to earn her bread by the "sweat of her brow," I was loth to do it, and give up my sinful life, yet at the same time I had a longing to do better. This I felt could be done only by going to a new country.

Before my plans were developed in regard to going to America, I was forced, by circumstances, to leave Wishaw for the time being. My companion, Robert Pollock, who had returned to the town, accompanied me to Mussilburgh, where I had a married sister whose husband was the superintendent of a brick field. Upon reaching the place we soon succeeded in finding employment in a pit a short distance from Prestonpans. The pit was sunk on the bank of the Firth of Forth. Here the miners were employed, digging coal from under this body of water. While working there I often thought of the ocean above, and what if the water should break through, as it had done in other places. This was my first experience of this kind and I felt very nervous, resolving that my time would be of short duration there. What helped my resolution to mature was the breaking

through of the river Clyde into a pit, and drowning all that were in the mine. However undeserving, while there, the God of all goodness protected me from danger. A few days after we had started in this pit, we were very thirsty and desired to have some water. I started in search of a stream, and, to my surprise, of all that were found, only one was of fresh water. After getting my tin flask filled I asked a miner the philosophy of this single stream being fresh, and all the others being like the water in the ocean. His solution was that it came from a mountain, then sinking into the earth, it found its way through the strata of the rocks under the bed of the Firth of Forth, and finally into the mine below. In after years when I had found the grace of God, how beautifully this stream illustrated the Gospel to me. (Rev. 22-1.) “And He showed me a pure river of water of life as clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God.” In preaching, I have likened this stream in the mine, to that mentioned in the text, finding its way through the strata of human experience and refreshing and purifying all who will call upon Him with a contrite heart.

For the short time that I lived in Mussilburgh, its beauty was impressed upon my mind. No other scene of picturesqueness could possibly equal that beautiful sight. The broad Firth with the opposite bank faintly outlined against the blue sky; the white sailed vessels floating serenely on its bosom; the fisher girls on the sand, in their bright petticoats and bare feet, gathering bait for their fathers' use; the light-house in the distance, with its revolving light showing the sailor the entrance

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to the Firth. Often at night I sat and watched its light disappear, then come around again. All this beauty of landscape and its environs made me long for a greater comprehension of the world and its knowledge. I wanted to know more of this life and to gain a higher station, where I could enjoy more of the beauties that nature holds.

I had worked there no longer than two months when I made up my mind to go home again to Wishaw; my companion still accompanied me. We had to walk from one station to the other in Edinburgh and our way lay up the beautiful Princess Street. We saw the castle in the distance and stopped to admire Sir Walter Scott's monument. We carried our working clothes in a bag over our shoulders and also our mining implements. I had a large drill over my shoulder that was used in blasting coal and as I turned to look at the statue, it rolled from my shoulder to the pavement with a loud clatter. I noticed some ladies, who happened to be standing near us, move away, not liking the roughness of our appearance, and again as usual I wished that I occupied a higher sphere in life.

Upon arriving at Wishaw, I resumed my old position in the pit, but I had by this time made up my mind to leave Scotland forever. The next thing to be done was to make preparations for the wedding, which was very agreeable to my relatives, who knew the reckless life I was leading.

The wedding day came and we were married in the evening from the home of my wife's parents. I shall

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never forget the minister who married us, and I trust that there are very few like him. His nose was of the deepest red and he gave a very good proof of his love for liquor by drinking a glass of brandy immediately after our wedding, it being customary to pass around whiskey and brandy among the guests. He gave me a very poor opinion of the ministry, for some how I had looked upon a minister of the Gospel as a being of a superior order in spite of my own sinfulness; but here was a man that acted and looked not one whit better than men of my own stamp, and therefore I judged him accordingly and formed, from his actions, my opinion of the clergy, for such is human nature. After the wedding was over, we went to the dance hall, where a dance and supper were given in our honor. It had been our intention to drive there in state, but the carriage we hired did not appear and we went to the hall in an omnibus, much to the delight of the company and the small street boys. There we enjoyed ourselves till daybreak; it was a day or two before any of us were fit to go to work.

I can say this at least to my credit, that when I married I made up my mind to be true to my wife and home, and though I was sometimes harsh and cruel, I never broke my vow. This may seem nothing unusual to the majority of men; but remember the life I had led and you can better appreciate what I say. I had no home to which to take my wife, but began house-keeping in a room in mother's home. I kept on working in the pits for some two years, during which time we had

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a child born. My marriage and even the birth of my child brought no change to my life of sin. I still kept the same companions and spent all my leisure time drinking, poaching and acting just as I had in my younger days.

My wife's eldest sister had been in America for some years and her husband had promised to pay my passage if I would join them, she being lonely and longing to have my wife with her. We consented to go. To none but my closest companions did I disclose my plans, for I feared arrest should it be known that I was about to leave the country. Quietly my friends prepared a farewell for me, inviting others to attend, but telling no one that it would be their last chance of seeing me. However, during the evening, the keeper of the public house, whose suspicions were aroused, called me aside and questioned me in regard to my future. I told him that I was about to leave for America and he advised me to lead a better life in the new world and presented me with a bottle of whiskey to drink his health on the voyage. Bidding good-bye to the assembled guests, I left the house for home to prepare for my departure in the course of a couple of hours.

My parting with my mother was pathetic in the extreme. I felt that I might never see her again, and all her love and devotion to me and her early struggles to support me were vividly brought to my mind.

It was five o'clock in the morning when I started from the house, my wife not daring to accompany me. I was afraid to let anyone except my relatives and imme-

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diate friends know that I was leaving the country. I traveled a distance of two and a half miles by an unfrequented road, to a neighboring town to avoid taking the train at my native place; but could see in the distance my companions making their way to the mines. Some of them I longed to meet once more and bid them goodbye. I felt lonely and miserable and could not keep the tears from coming to my eyes at the thought of leaving my country and my friends that were very dear to me. Each familiar spot seemed doubly dear and more than once I felt like turning back; but the desire to begin over again, and try to do better in another land, kept me in the path I had chosen. At Motherwell, which was the place from which I was to go by rail to Glasgow, I was joined by my companion, who afterward became my brother-in-law. If it had not been for the companionship of this man, I never would have left Scotland, for I never could have left, perhaps forever, every friend and place familiar to me from my childhood.

At Glasgow, we made the necessary purchase for the voyage, a straw bed, tin cups, etc., for in those days, steerage passengers had to supply themselves with everything needed on a voyage, except food. These purchases we made near the dock from where we were to sail, and on coming out of a store, I was surprised to meet my wife, and my sister with her husband. In an instant it flashed through my mind that my contemplated trip to America had been found out and they were there to warn me, but I was relieved when they told me that they had simply come to see me before I

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left. My wife could not bear the thought of my leaving as I did and so she had given it out that I had gone to some races being held at Ayr and that she with sister and brother were going to join me.

As we had some little time to spare before the boat sailed, we went into a public house to spend our last hours on Scotch soil. There we ate and drank, and I sang a few songs. While in the midst of the farewell meeting, the most reckless-looking individual I ever saw came in, who bore an air of the utmost good nature and freedom. His accent at once showed that he came from the same parts as ourselves. We soon found out from him that he, too, had been forced to leave his native hearth for irregularities similar to my own. He was not at all particular as to where he went and had no decided views of his future, so when he learned that I and my friend were bound for America, he at once asked that he might join us, a proposition that we readily accepted.

At last the time for sailing came and my wife and party were able to accompany us down the River Clyde to Greenock, where they landed and we boarded the ocean steamer.

I will never forget the parting scenes. I witnessed fathers and mothers parting with their sons; wives parting from their husbands, brothers from sisters; sobs and moans filled the air and everyone seemed to be weeping. On the docks I saw one old Irishman on his knees, praying for blessings to be heaped upon his offspring, intermingled with sobs and wails at his departure.



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My own parting was sad; doubly sad to me, was the manner in which I was leaving. My conscience reproached me for my past evil life and I was literally tearing myself from every tie of affection I had in the world and only the resolve to do better kept me together.

In a short time, a smaller boat came alongside and transferred the passengers to the ocean steamer. Once aboard, we at once looked up our berths and changed our apparel for a poor suit of clothes, keeping our better ones till we reached New York, so as to then make as good an appearance as possible. I had never been aboard an ocean liner and I was greatly impressed with its size.

For the first time in a long while I had a feeling of safety and security. All day I had been haunted with the fear of being arrested and taken back to Wishaw; but now I felt like a new man, and my companions remarked that now we were free as any man aboard. Supper time came and we went to the place used as a dining-room. The tables were nothing but rough boards nailed together, and the food of the coarsest—too coarse even to suit our far from fastidious appetites. The coffee particularly disgusted me; it was brought around in large cans, and the smell alone made me feel sick. I had never drunk coffee and I thought that if that was a sample of the fluid, I certainly never would. After supper we went on deck, and the ship seemed to be crowded. Sitting alone in a corner, I espied two young women with a sickly pallor on their faces. After awhile they got up and staggered to the side of the boat

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and were then assisted below by a couple of sailors. I had heard of seasickness and this sight made me dread it, and look forward with no little misgivings to the time when my turn would come. With my companions we planned that if we were not all taken sick together, the well one or two should take care of the others. Night came, and we retired to our berths, but sleep was impossible. The rolling of the ship and the noise of the machinery kept us awake the better part of the night.

The following day was beautiful, and with the vastness of the sky and ocean for comparison, the vessel lost a great deal of its bigness. Even man's greatest works sink into insignificance when compared with the handiwork of God. All went well till midday, but on going down to dinner, the smell of the steerage, with the motion of the boat, was too much for me, and I hastened to the upper deck, but it was of no use. I was a victim to that worst of all maladies, seasickness. All night I stayed on deck, cared for by my two companions.

It is useless to try to describe the horrible feeling. It never has been, and never will be, described. Death would have been welcomed as a happy relief, and I could have viewed with more joy than indifference some frightful catastrophe to the vessel. I was in this condition for two days, eating nothing, the bare thought of food being a repulsive agony to me. At the end of the two days, my friends were attacked, but very slightly, and my appetite gradually returned and with a vigor that it had never possessed before. The food that was

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given the steerage, as I said before, was far from suiting me, so I managed by bribing one of the firemen with the bottle of whiskey that was given me by the public house keeper, to secure a much better and more bountiful supply of food for myself and friends. We were very soon in fine condition, such as those only feel after recovery from "mal de mer."

Although the nights were quite chilly, it being the month of October, we spent very little time in our berths, but lay on the deck in the open air, and when it became too cold for comfort, we lay over the boiler room and enjoyed the warmth and the fresh ocean air at the same time. Of course, we were by no means alone, and we enjoyed ourselves by singing. This was a pastime that I enjoyed most at night. Having been called on for a song, I sang one named "Lord Nelson," which greatly pleased the sailors, as it is a name dearer to a Briton than any other. Often I was asked by the sailors to repeat the song, and in return they gave us every comfort that lay in their power. After this, came stormy weather, when the vessel rocked and the waves dashed over the deck.

I was terribly afraid, and felt sure that the vessel would sink and we would all be lost. As usual, my thoughts reverted to my past ill-spent life. I trembled at the thought of meeting my Maker, and resolved again that should I be spared, I would lead a better life. My fears for the safety of the vessel I imparted to the sailors, who laughed very heartily at my fears and assured me that it was a very small wind, in fact, nothing to cause

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alarm, but I felt it was quite enough for me. The storm lasted about two days, then subsided. The greater part of the time I spent in the lower part of the vessel; then in calm weather I came on the deck and my fears for the safety of my soul disappeared with the apparent safety of my body.

One morning, when nearing New York, the captain called for us all to come on deck and see a school of whales which quite surrounded the vessel. They were rolling and tumbling about and spouting water into the air. I had never thought of the innumerable inhabitants of the ocean, and I felt within me the mystery of the deep that comes to nearly all of us when out of sight of land and only water and sky around us.

Next day we reached the banks of Newfoundland. The water was of a different hue and we began to look forward to the time when we would see the American shore. About this time, a German, who had twitted everyone with their getting sick and swore that he was quite incapable of feeling even the slightest sign of it, was taken very ill; so much worse than anyone else, that for awhile it was feared he could not live. He had to be kept in motion and was carried around the deck in order to keep the breath of life in him. When he did recover, which was only the day we reached New York, he was a much meeker man, and took very humbly the laughing jokes of his fellow passengers. It was another case of "He who laughs last, laughs best,"—a little truth that springs up in every walk of life, and of which we should always try to avoid being the victim.

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At last came the joyful news that we were in sight of land. Everyone took up the cry and there was a happy look on each face and we felt friendly to everyone and talked to those to whom we had never spoken. All crowded on deck in order to get a glimpse of dear old mother earth. I had quite a dislike for father Neptune and was heartily thankful that we were so near our destination. That night, the pilot came aboard to steer us up the Hudson River, and the next day we clothed ourselves in our best raiment. It was the first time we had changed our garments since we left Glasgow, and after a good wash and the change, we felt like new men. When we came in sight of New York and I saw the buildings, it looked to me like a new world. Some of the structures were of wood, a material I had never seen used in the entire construction of a building. The ferry boats, too, were a source of surprise to me. I thought they were houses built on the water.

On landing at Castle Garden, our first thought was for a glass of beer, a want that we found no difficulty at all in filling. However, compared with the beer we drank at home, it seemed such miserable stuff that we said if that was what Americans drank for beer we would sign the pledge. However, we managed to drink more than one glass of the stuff before we left the place.

On appearing on the street we were surrounded by innumerable urchins, shouting their desire to carry our carpet bags. As our combined capital was not more than \$10.00, we chose to carry our own belongings and made our way toward the ferry that would take us to

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Jersey City, where we went to board a train to take us to Carbon Run, Pa. On our way down the streets, the people stopped to look at us and laughed in a manner that made me wonder what on earth they saw in us to laugh at. I looked at my friend, Jake Woods, the man who joined us at Glasgow, and saw that he had perched on the side of his head a big Tam O'Shanter bonnet, with a tassel about the size of a man's hand hanging over his ear. It was his cap of state of which he was particularly proud; but we insisted on his taking it off and putting on another he had, of more modest design and proportion. Although I did not think of it at the time, my own Scotch bonnet may have given some food for amusement for it must have seemed very strange to an American with its big buckle on the left side and near the front and the little tails in the rear. However, it is much easier to see another man's hat than one's own.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRST TRIP ON THE TRAIN.

We hastened on the way so as not to be late for the train, and crossed over the Hudson to Jersey City. But were informed by some men whom we questioned, probably runners for hotels, that we were too late for the train. However, when they saw by our actions that we had but very little money, they believed that after all we might reach the train if we hurried. As we were very hungry we made up our minds that the very first chance we had to get something to eat we would grasp it. The opportunity came at a place, I think, called Waverly, where we had a stop of about two hours, to await the arrival of another train we were to board.

We walked up a main street looking for a hotel and as in New York, attracted no small amount of attention. At last, we stopped in front of a saloon or hotel and espied a little fellow behind the bar. Everything seemed so strange and new to us that we concluded to draw lots to see which one of us should go into the place and ask the boy if we could get something to eat. I was elected to approach the bar, but no sooner did I put a foot inside of the saloon, with my companions following at my heels, than the small boy with great fear bolted. I could not understand what there was about us that frightened the little fellow and while we

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were discussing the matter, the proprietor came in. He took in the situation at a glance and asked us what part of the old country we hailed from. We told him, then he treated us very friendly and made us feel quite comfortable. To our questions regarding supper, he showed us into a dining-room and bade us be seated at a table. It was the first time we had ever been in such a place and we felt greatly alarmed. Such splendor was quite beyond us, and the appearance of the neatly clad waitress nearly drove our appetites away with nervousness.

We seated ourselves and the waitress approached and asked us what we would have, running through a list of eatables; at least, at the time, I supposed they were eatables. I was not sure and by the looks of my friends they were equally in the dark, for not one word of the whole list did I understand. I looked at her dumbfounded, then at my companions and they at me. At last, I managed to stammer in my rich Scotch tongue, "Bring me something to eat." She understood and brought us a bit of everything. In my part of Scotland the eatables were placed in the centre of the table and each man helped himself. The young woman then took a position near us and watched us eat. This was worse than anything else. We felt ashamed to eat with her staring at us and I wondered what under the sun she meant by standing there looking at us. Why did she not go away and leave us alone? I pondered it over in my mind and came to the conclusion that she was watching to see how much we would eat and charge



accordingly I thought of our appetites, which in spite of our bashfulness, were not to be despised and then at the size of our capital and inwardly trembled at the idea of not being able to pay for the amount we would dispose of. While these thoughts filled my mind and made me feel miserable, Jake Woods burst forth into a peal of the most uproarious laughter which filled the whole house with its volume of sound. He was one of those gentry who once they get started, cannot stop for some time, but keep on getting louder and louder till at last they choke up or something of that kind. Even the waitress smiled at my friend's hilarity and I dare say when she went home that night she talked of the three wild-looking Scotchmen with their awkward ways and, no doubt, she had a hearty laugh over our ignorance and remembered us for many a day. When we had eaten everything in sight, we retired to the bar-room and drank some beer and with great fear asked the proprietor what our bill was; he said \$1.00, and I nearly collapsed. With thankfulness, we paid it, for I thought it might be so much that we could not pay. I asked Jake what on earth he was laughing about while we were eating. He said he had suddenly remembered that he had scarcely any money, and that if they charged for the style, we never would be able to pay for the meal. We also came to the conclusion that if all hotels in this country were carried on the same as this one, it would take us a long time to get used to them. Perhaps the style did not differ from that of the cities in Scotland and England, but coming from the parts

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we did, nothing could have been more foreign to us than the manners and customs as we found them.

We reached the depot and boarded the train that was to take us to our destination. We were to go as far as Towanda and there meet my brother-in-law, who would accompany us to Carbon Run. It was dark when we boarded the train and I never had traveled at such a rate before. The train seemed to bound into the air and to be as often off the tracks as on them. When it made a sharp curve, I thought surely we were, train and all, going to fly off into space. I began to think that we would be lucky if we arrived safely at our destination and wished that we were going over a smooth English road-bed, with scarcely a motion, instead of going over this break-neck track. The passengers too, as usual, passed remarks not at all complimentary to our personal appearance and we were heartily glad when the train at last reached the station of Towanda.

We alighted, but could see nothing of my brother-in-law, but learned that the station at which he would alight in coming from Carbon Run was at the other end of the town. A colored hack driver told us to wait where we were for a short time when he would come and drive us over. As it was quite dark and believing the depot to be at some distance, we awaited his return. He did not make his appearance till near daybreak. He must then have driven us several times around the town before he took us to the place we wanted, for we afterward found that the two depots were but a short distance apart and we could easily have walked in the time it

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took us to make the distance in the hack. We might have spent the night in a hotel, instead of in the depot, but the rogue knew that we were strangers and schemed to get some money out of us. As my brother-in-law was not there, we took the next train for Carbon Run or the station nearest to Carbon Run, for it was only connected by means of a stage line with the depot. When we arrived, there stood my brother-in-law ready to take the train for Towanda, to meet us there.

That trip from Towanda to Carbon Run depot was one of the most wretched rides I ever had in my life. This country was like a barren wilderness; the dwelling-places, the most dilapidated-looking cabins; no vegetation whatever, just rocks and gaunt withered-looking trees. How my heart ached to be back again in my own native land; I was tired and miserable. The meal we had in the hotel was the only decent meal that we had sat down to since we left Scotland and for the twelve days past we had not slept in a bed. This, together with the cheerless aspect of the country, made me feel as disheartened and discouraged as I had ever felt in my life.

My brother-in-law was quite surprised to see us, but gave us a hearty welcome, telling us that we were still some distance from his home. I do not think that the word "home" ever seemed so sweet to me as then, and I was glad to get into a hack and begin to finish our journey. The road wound around a mountain, which appeared immediately in front of us, and I wanted to get out and walk as the road was so steep and it seemed

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impossible for the horses to make the ascent with so heavy a load. At short intervals the horses were allowed to rest, and I expected every minute that some part of the vehicle would break and roll us over the side of the mountain. At last, we reached the top where I noticed a number of black, ill-kept looking buildings which I thought cow sheds until I was assured that they were the houses wherein the miners lived. I thought my stay in this country would be of but short duration if this was the case.

From here we had still two miles to go to Carbon Run. On our way we passed an old graveyard, as uncared for and unkept as the houses we had just passed. In it were laid to rest many a man who had come over from my own country, with just such bright, hopeful thoughts as I had for the future; for, in spite of my dismay at the bleakness of the country and apparent poverty of the inhabitants, I still believed that I would accomplish much to elevate my position in life. Many miners had been killed in accidents and buried in that dismal place and it struck me that perhaps I too might join them, and never see my wife and mother again. But I never once thought of what did happen, that my brother-in-law with whom I was sitting, would two years from that time be killed in an accident and buried in this desolate graveyard. At last, we reached the end of the journey. It was but slightly better than the hamlet we had just passed. There were about a hundred houses, each made to accommodate two families, which were the property of the company who owned the mines,

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as they also did a store and saloon. On the outskirts of the town were the mines.

The town was on the summit of a mountain and on each side and at the base were the towns of Canton and Towanda. The coal was let down the mountain by means of an inclined railroad. In the town was also a Methodist Church where a service was held every two weeks. Between these services prayer meetings were held. As we passed down the street, men shouted to my brother-in-law, "Hello, Jack; where did you get the green-horns from?" Green-horns we were, and felt as strange as we looked.

Some of our mistakes were quite laughable. On our way from New York we saw some pumpkins lying in a field and I called my companions to see the big oranges that grew in America and supposed that they were so plentiful that they had scattered them over the fields. Now concerning all these things, we were perfectly innocent, and so were quite entitled to the name "green-horn."

However, to return, this hamlet, scattered among stumps of trees with no roads but winding paths, was the dirtiest, most forsaken, miserable, poverty-stricken place I had ever seen. Words could never describe the air of wretchedness that pervaded the whole place. The cottages of the poor Scotch folk I described in the first chapter were residences of comfort and grandeur compared with them: Let Americans, before they describe the miserable life of the poor of Europe, first visit the Pennsylvania mining towns of this country, and if

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their intentions are to compare the luxurious abodes of the free American workingman with the miserable huts of the working classes of Europe, at least of the British Isles, they will stop right there, knowing that they have got as low as ever they will get, as regards the housing of the poor, and that they have a broad field to work in without ever leaving this country. I have stood in front of a stove in winter while the snow made its way through the crevices and cracks in the wooden walls and piled up on the floor. This was not an exceptional house, but just like the ordinary company's houses in more than one Pennsylvania mining town.

When we reached my brother-in-law's house, his wife came to meet us and gave us a hearty welcome. She was almost a stranger to me, for I had only met her once or twice in Scotland, but her cheery manner made me feel quite at home. She was also just as hearty in her welcome to my companion and the young fellow we picked up in Glasgow. That night they gave a merrymaking in honor of my coming. During the afternoon several kegs of beer were brought in. I wondered where they would get enough people to consume it, but in the evening they came. There was a big supper and then dancing and drinking and singing. At last, I reached such a condition that I could not see or hear anything distinctly and fell in a heap in a corner. In the morning I awoke with a splitting headache. I had slept all night just where I fell and thus ended my first day in an American mining town.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AS A MINER IN AMERICA.

About three weeks after my arrival I secured employment in the Carbon Run mine, but not as I expected. Instead, I was put to work on a tippie, dumping the coal from the small cars into the gondolas for transportation. All that I received as pay was \$1.50 per day, whereas my companions were given employment in the mines and earned from two and one-half to four dollars per day. The reason for this, as I supposed, was that the foreman, being a Christian, resolved to punish me for my share in the excessive drinking indulged in by my newly found friends, to celebrate my arrival. My reputation had traveled before me, and he considered me a ringleader and resolved to treat me accordingly. I complained of the treatment and was assured by my friends that in a short time I would get the work I wanted. I still persisted in the old life, spending on drink nearly the whole of my hard earned wages. There were many there like myself and many a Sabbath we desecrated with a drunken carousal, often ending in a fight, for I was of a hasty, unruly temper and struck a blow whenever I was displeased.

A rather funny incident happened about this time, which will serve to illustrate my ignorance. I once heard the boss calling "Alexander"; he called the name



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several times and then came to me and angrily asked if I had not heard him call me, and why I had paid no attention. I replied that he had not called me; that my name was Sandy Hynd, whereas he was calling for someone named Alexander. He asked me if I did not know that "Alexander" was my right name and "Sandy" merely a nickname. I said I did not know, but that I would find out just as soon as I possibly could and this is how I first came to know my right name. Eventually I got the work I desired in the mine and I immediately began to save money to bring my wife over from the old country. Often I got very homesick and longed for my native land and friends. I had to fight against these feelings, for while they lasted they made me quite unfit for work. Often I thought of leaving the place, but knew not where to go, nor what else to do, as I dared not go back to Scotland, so had to try and forget the past and look right ahead. I thought, too, of the future and of God and my wickedness, and felt troubled about the hereafter; then I wondered why such thoughts should haunt me. I knew myself to be not a bit worse than a great number of my companions, yet they seemed perfectly free from any remorse. Several accidents had also happened in the Carbon Run mines which showed me, as I had often been shown before, the uncertainty of life.

I had become acquainted with a young man by the name of Hukan. Our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship, and we often spent our leisure together in the saloon, drinking. One day he was killed suddenly

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by the fall of rock. This, too, set me thinking, but I argued with myself that I had gone through several accidents and knew of many men having been killed, and had no reason to be any more alarmed now than then.

Another young man, a friend of mine, Archibald Muir, one evening was sitting with other friends and me, talking about his plans for the future. He told us that he had made up his mind to leave the mines forever; that he had saved enough money to go back to Scotland, and he described the joy with which his friends would meet him and the happy time he would have. The next day he was killed. A mass of rock fell upon him and crushed his life out. Many others, with hopes just as bright met the same fate, and I felt more and more that I knew not the day nor the hour when my turn might come.

At the end of about seven months' work in the mine I sent for my wife and little ones. My companion, Robert Pollock, with whom I had poached and who accompanied me to America, also sent for my wife's youngest sister, to whom he was engaged. They came over together and we meet them at Towanda, where Pollock and my sister-in-law were married. I felt much happier after this and more contented and the sisters were very glad to be reunited.

It took my wife some time to become Americanized and particularly to become accustomed to American money. On one occasion when I handed several dollars to a salesman for some dress goods, she refused positively

to accept them on account of the extravagance of the price, till I assured her that one dollar in American money did not represent one pound in English money. She has since overcome all this and finds no trouble whatever in buying a dress and never hesitates, deeming the price too extravagant. For awhile we lived at her sister's house, but soon moved into one we furnished for ourselves, but I still kept up the old life, drinking and carousing. Sometimes I so far forgot myself as to strike her, and one time, in the height of passion, I dealt her so severe a blow that for some time she lay unconscious, and for fully fifteen months I lived this life, spending the most of the surplus of my wages for drink.

There came a time when I had been in Carbon Run something over a year that my health seemed to give out. Up to this time I had scarcely known a day of sickness. I called upon the company's physician, but the medicines he gave me wrought no change. I was troubled in my mind, too, and scarcely able to do a full day's work. My appearance began to show that I was losing my robust health and some told me that I was in a decline and advised me to leave the mountain; that the climate did not agree with me. I grew serious and listless, where formerly I had been active, and spent hours awake during the night, thinking over the past and wondering over the future. In vain my companions tried to cheer me, though I tried hard enough to throw off the feelings. I drank with them and sang as of old and accompanied them to dances and such amusements to try to force myself to pursue the old life and

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not give up to the change that was working within me. In the midst of my forced gaiety, I would think of my cruelty to my wife and the wrong and injustice I was doing to my family. I laid these thoughts to my loss of physical health and wondered why I was not more like other men, who not a bit better than I, could go on living their ill-spent lives with not one apparent twinge of remorse, though, as I said, my friends could see in my appearance and lack of zest, my dissatisfaction with my present condition and circumstances. I hid from them the thoughts that racked my brain, the thoughts of the God I had so often blasphemed, and the dread of the future.

A miner once told me that after having heard the oaths that I had uttered in my home, he was afraid to work in the same mine lest some judgment should befall it. When he told me, I could not conceive that I had ever been so wicked as to shock one whom I deemed not much better than myself. For two months I worked with these thoughts constantly tormenting me. About this time a young man, named William Wilson, came from the same town in Scotland from which I had come. He was given work right next to me in the mine and was a man of the most upright, Christian life. He watched me and saw that I was unwell. I watched him, and when I saw his pure, godly life, and in the mine heard him offer thanks to God for his noonday meal, I longed to be like him and revered him for his righteous life. Another thought I had was that my brother in Scotland was praying for me. I had a firm conviction

of his intercession for me, through prayer, that I might be brought to God and become a good man. To this day I believe that it was through his prayer that the great transformation took place in my life. Unfortunately, he died before I was able to meet him again. So from his own lips, I never learned the truth of my convictions.

At last, one Sunday evening I went to church with my two brothers-in-law. It was, perhaps, the first time in my life that I had ever been in a church—if at any other time, it was when I was too young to remember. It must have been a special service, a revival meeting, though at the time I did not know what a revival meeting meant. The minister was a man of strong physique, with a sonorous voice and very earnest manner. He asked everyone who wanted to be a follower of Christ to come to the altar. How I longed to go forward, and had any one of the congregation gone, I certainly would have followed, but no direct appeal was made to me, and I felt too much a stranger to step forth myself. It is my experience that no appeal has the same effect as a direct personal appeal. The success of a general invitation can not be compared to it.

I remember on one occasion, while I was working in a revival meeting, a woman whom I tried to persuade to make personal appeals to members of the congregation to come forward to the altar, refused on the grounds that she thought that people ought to come forward without personal solicitation and that she had no ability and no call in that direction. I told her

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that it was everyone's duty to do all they could for God, and persuaded her to try it one night and that if she was not successful, I would excuse her and leave the rest to God, but that I was sure that the meeting was now ripe for such work and that she would be successful. That evening she tried and succeeded in bringing three souls to the altar. She was overjoyed at the work and vowed to continue it at every opportunity.

That evening, I felt as though the opportunity had gone, perhaps forever, for me to make my peace with God. During the night I thought of the words of the preacher and longed for my brother, that I might tell him of my longings to lead a better life and ask him for guidance. It seemed to me as though hell was opened before me and would shortly receive its victim. The devil seemed to point out to me the pleasure of the life I had led and to tell me to return to it and not to bother myself about anything in the future, which was at the best, an uncertainty, and so the spirit warred against the flesh and the flesh against the spirit.

I had never prayed in my life, and felt as though I never could. I thought it would be impossible for me to stop using profane language. I could not read nor write; so how was I to gain knowledge or be of any use in the world? Every possible excuse presented itself before me to show that I was unfit for Christ, yet none satisfied me. The longing still remained and for the reason that there is no excuse in spite of all the arguments of the world and the devil, for those who fail to repent of their sins and lead a holy life. Many a morn-

ing I went to my work feeling that I was an outcast. Physically and spiritually, I was unwell. One day, William Wilson said to me, "You are sick; what is the matter with you?" I told him I did not know; that I could not eat and had no courage to do anything. He said, "Do you not think that you had better give your heart to God?" I told him I knew nothing about those things. He did not reply and said no more to me that day. Shortly afterwards, I got worse and for two days was unable to leave my bed. My wife wept over my condition, believing that I could not live very long. I recovered sufficiently to go to work, but with the dread feeling, that at any time I might be killed. I tried to shake the fear from me but could not. Naturally, I was not a coward, but it was not fear of the flesh that troubled me; it was the fear born of a spirit in bondage and longing to know its God. One morning I went to work, thinking that unless relief came soon for body and mind, I would be lost. I worked till the hour for dinner, when unlike other days, I did not join the other men, but sat where I had worked. I had, as usual, no appetite, but sat thinking over my past, filled with the most terrible forebodings of judgment to come. I wanted to go and talk with the young man, William Wilson. As I hesitated in my determination to find him, I heard footsteps and then the very man I wanted made his appearance. He said he wanted to see me about salvation. He began by asking about my health, and I could see that he at first hesitated to talk on the subject that he had in mind, fearing the violence



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of my temper. He at last began to tell me of the Saviour and his wonderful goodness to mankind. I cannot remember all he said, but it satisfied me more than anything I had ever heard and I longed to hear more. I asked him if it were possible for a sinner like me to be saved. He saw the agony of my soul and told me the always beautiful truth: "That Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Unwittingly, in the same language of that day of Pentecost when Peter preached to the multitude the doctrines of Christ, I said, "What can I do to be saved?" In answer, the young man brought from his pocket a Bible he always carried with him and read from Romans X, 9: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." After this he arose and left me to ponder over what he had read.

With this text on my mind I got down on my knees and called upon God for mercy. After this prayer the fears of eternal torture and pain vanished. I was like a man awakening to the broad, fair day, after a night of hideous dreams. I felt that I would like at once to start for my old home in Scotland and tell all my companions the great joy I had found. In the joy of my heart, I went on my knees right where I had stood, on a heap of slack coal, and there I tried to thank God for what he had done for me. The words I used I do not know; I did not pray long, but jumped up scarcely knowing what I had done. My heart was so light, I commenced to sing; my work seemed easy, and all fear

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of death left me. I looked around me, at the rock, at the masses of coal. I looked at myself. I was just the same in appearance; everything around me was the same; but within me, what a change! I realized that I was born again and into a life of unspeakable joy. How I loved and longed to see the young man who had shown me the way. I sought him and together we rejoiced. I wanted to join the church; I wanted to call my companions, and everybody and tell them the wonderful work of God. I could not read nor write. Every letter in the alphabet was a mystery to me, but the love of God was now no mystery; I, a sinner, was saved by grace. I said to myself, "Shall I run home and tell my wife the glad news of my salvation?" But I thought, "No, she, though a good woman, cannot feel as I feel this great joy; I will wait and show her the great change by my actions." I pictured to myself the great future when she would be proud of me; when she would hear no more oaths from my lips and feel no cruel blows. My dear little children would not be afraid to see me, but would run to meet me, and as they grew up, I would show them the way to peace and happiness.

When the day's work was done and I left the mouth of the mine, all nature seemed to be transformed. It was a beautiful day and seemed the most beautiful I had ever known. The mountains that I always thought so barren and desolate, seemed bathed in a light of beauty beyond description. Everything seemed to praise God by suddenly unfolding to me its own particular beauty. As for me, I felt that the walls of my prison had crumbled

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and fallen and the great light had reached me; the chains and manacles that had bound me had become dust and I stood forth as a free man.

When I reached home my wife noticed the change. I told her that I was saved and henceforth would try to lead a godly and useful life. For the first time I thanked God for our evening meal, a practice that I have continued since. The news soon spread through the small community that I was saved. There were few, if any, who believed in the sincerity of my conversion. Some said that inside of a week I would be found drunk; others tried to argue with me and prove to me that the Bible was false. About the Bible I knew nothing and could not read and find out, but I did know that a great change had come over me and that by the grace of God I was saved.

On the following Sabbath I attended service at the Methodist Church, and after the church service I attended the class meeting, when those who attended were called upon to witness for Christ. When my turn came I arose; I have forgotten what I said, but those who heard praised God for what he had done for me. The church gladly made me a member and did all they could to help me in my new life. I did not attend the Sabbath school, though invited, for I felt my ignorance; but resolved to commence at once to learn to read and write.

## CHAPTER X.

### PERSONAL LABORS FOR GOD IN THE MINES.—THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

After my conversion I at once commenced to labor for God in the mines. I met a great deal of opposition from certain men, who said I was an ignorant fellow and did not know what I was talking about. It was quite true that I was ignorant and unable to read the Word of God, but I knew that I was saved and felt the love of God within me, and in spite of every argument against me, my work for the Lord was not entirely in vain.

On one occasion, it was my business to call upon a young man who was a driver employed at the same mine as myself. In the house where the young stranger boarded were two men, both married. To my knowledge, I had never before seen them, but I told them of my life, what a great sinner I had been and what a change had come over me. My talk seemed to impress them. I went home, praying and hoping that in them I had planted the seed of the Holy Spirit. The following morning I went to work, and as now was my practice, praying God to guide me in His path. While I was at work, I felt that I ought to go to the two men. The impression came upon me so strongly that I felt I must go, but I strove against the feeling, not knowing then the workings of the Spirit. The men worked in another

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mine and I knew it might take a whole day to find them. I went to the young man, who so aided me in my conversion, and told him my feelings. He replied that I should at once go and find them; that it was the will of God that I should. However, I did not; and again the next day, though I still felt the same call to find them. I did not go, but waited till the Sabbath, thinking I would find them at their home in the afternoon, but what was my surprise and joy, on going to church in the morning, to find them both there. They were waiting at the door and we all went in together.

In the class meeting after preaching, they expressed a desire to know Christ. At the conclusion of the morning's service the three of us walked together by an old railroad, when I told them how strongly I had felt a desire to see them. They said that ever since I had talked to them that night they, too, had longed to see me, being convinced that the only true happiness lay in Christ.

Going into a wood, behind a log, we went on our knees and thanked God for the great light we had received. Shortly afterwards, one of the men died, and in the Lord.

This incident greatly strengthened me in my course and also showed me somewhat the workings of the Spirit, and the truth of those words found in John X, 4. "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them." I had another friend, a miner, who was greatly addicted to drink, spending almost the whole of his earnings in this way. I begged of him to give it up, and promised if he would not drink a drop of liquor

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for one year that I would buy him the best hat that could be obtained at the Company's store. I knew that if I could get him to stop drinking, that I could persuade him to attend church, and so it turned out. After the year was over, his wife told me that she had spent that as the happiest year of their married life.

I had many trials and often had hard work in subduing the old nature within me. Many of the men laughed and jeered at me and often so insulted me that it required all my faith in the new life I had found to prevent me from striking them. A revival meeting was held that year at Carbon Run and among others who came to the altar confessing their sins and promising to live in the future for Christ, was a young man who played in the village band. After the meetings had been ended for some time, I noticed a decided change for the worse in the young man. I knew the cause of it, for the band of which he was a member, practiced in a building immediately adjoining a saloon and connected with it by a door, and as all of the men drank, the temptation was too strong for the new convert. I told him, at last, that he must give up the band or he would soon completely give up God; that he must desist from the very appearance of evil. This did not please him and while working he came to me and said: "Did not David, the man after God's own heart, play a musical instrument?" "True," I answered, "but we do not read that he played in a saloon, but to the glory of God." Angrily he replied, "Oh, you ought to have the Bible tied around your neck," and walked away. I bade him good-bye

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and hoped that he would come to see me again. No sooner had he disappeared than I commenced to pray for him, and in a short time he returned to where I was. At first I took no notice of him, till he began to weep; then I asked him what I could do for him. The poor fellow threw his arms around my neck and asked me to forgive him for what he had said about the Bible and to pray for him. We both knelt and when we arose another victory for Christ had been won.

About the same time I received a letter from William Wilson, the young man who was the first to show me the path of righteousness. He had left Carbon Run, but had a brother John there, who was not a Christian, and he wished me to use all the influence I could to bring him to the knowledge and love of God. I strove with him at every opportunity and finally gained the victory. He told me afterwards that for nights he could not sleep on account of the Spirit's striving with him to yield to God.

I have seen many instances like this, of the power of the Spirit working with men for their conversion. One miner, with whom I was talking one day, without any explanation, put on his coat and left the place. Later, he explained to me that he felt he must then and there give himself to God, and he left, rather than submit himself to what his own convictions told him was right. Yet the Word of God can follow a man everywhere and it is the duty of every Christian at every opportunity to do his utmost to bring a soul to God. I was often accosted and questioned by men, concerning certain passages in

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the Bible, of which I knew nothing, but resolved to be in ignorance not one day more than I could possibly help. I need hardly say that the resolve was much easier than the practice. I was twenty-three years of age at this time and knew very few letters of the alphabet, and nothing of how to begin. There was at this time no night school in the village and my work kept me busy from early morning until late at night. However, I knew I must begin some way or other, and so commenced with the Bible which was given to me by some member of a Bible society on my landing in this country, and now I carried it with me at all times. At night, I would ask my wife what this letter was and that letter, and what word they spelled. Her own education was not of the very highest order and I often drove her quite out of patience with my many questions, but I persevered at my task and prayed constantly for help from God. While at my work, every spare moment I took my Bible and tried to see if I could remember the little knowledge I had gained the night before. During the dinner hour I would ask questions of the men. Many thought it a huge joke, my trying to read, and often made me feel very much discouraged, but I kept on. The part of the Bible from which I learned the alphabet was the Gospel according to St. John, and a great book it has always proven to me. When at last I mastered the art of reading sufficiently to learn its divine truths, it has buoyed me with its words of life and today it seems as though each time I open it and read its blessed pages, I find new thoughts that I had never seen in it before;



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thoughts that refresh the soul and make it feel the heavenly life that is to come.

Some time after I had commenced my efforts toward the attainment of knowledge, a night school was opened, and I made up my mind to attend. I was put in the lowest class with little tots who could scarcely lisp their names, but who were able to spell and read better than I. I felt keenly my humiliating position. In my other life I had recognized myself as a leader among my fellows—a man of strength—one who scorned to follow and only led. These thoughts passed through my mind. I experienced a bitter trial among many other discouragements, but I prayed to God and he gave me mastery of my pride and as I looked into the future, I pictured before me a grand goal and strove to reach it. Only about two weeks did this class last, but each night I was in my place, and though I gained little learning, it was a great schooling to my pride and helped me bear the taunts of those who tried to laugh me back to my old sinful habits.

Only those who have experienced anything like this can fully realize the hard path I had to travel. Another time, a man called Professor Morgan, opened a night school for instruction in penmanship for nine nights. His fee was one dollar for this course. I attended but cannot say that I learned much, except, perhaps, how to hold my pen and the knowledge of a few strokes. However, it was a start and so I kept on, step by step, picking up a little knowledge here and there whenever I could and taking advantage of every means that lay within my reach.

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As I picked my way, step by step, to gain knowledge, I began to form more decided plans for the future and as I spelled out the verses of the Bible I felt that I wanted to spread its truths, and to tell to all the world the happiness that could be theirs and that was mine. I realized my helplessness, the lowliness of my position and the many years it must take to gain that knowledge that would, with God's help, enable me to fulfill the hopes that my new life had given birth to. I prayed to God constantly, asking Him to show me the path that I must take, and after praying the way seemed clearer before me. I knew that only by one step at a time could I gain my end, that I could not immediately, with one bound, leave the past behind me and appear as a power and authority. I felt that my first step must be to leave the mine, but not until I had found some employment by which I could maintain my family, consisting of my wife and two children. Outside of mining I had no other experience, but the long hours of work required in the mine and the surroundings made me feel that I must find some other work that would give me more time to pursue the course that I had laid out before me. The first thought of a new vocation that came to me was barbering, not that I had any professional experience in that line, but in Carbon Run there was no barber shop, but some few miners cut the hair of their companions, when they needed it. You can readily suppose that there were no fashionable hair-cuts in the place. When the hair got so long as to be uncomfortable, it was chopped off. When my companions,

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who had accompanied me from Scotland, and I had been in the country a short time, we felt that we sorely needed our hair cut. As I said, there being no shop in the town, and so not knowing anyone who did that work, we proposed that each one cut the other's hair. I was the first victim, and the laugh that followed told me that if my appearance did not suit myself, it certainly pleased those who were looking on. Then my turn came to cut the hair of my friend. He, seeing the result of his endeavors, did not want me to try my skill on his locks, but the onlookers loudly protested at his trying to get out of the bargain and so he yielded. A man in the crowd, who had done a little hair cutting, showed me how to hold the shears and comb and I cut my first head of hair. Well, I don't say anything in praise of the job. It would not be right. But I did cut his hair. That much was plainly visible to everyone, and so this was my first experience. After that I often cut the hair of anyone who wanted me, but never dreamed of its leading me into a new trade. However, this was now the trade I thought of, but where was I to learn, and how could I ever learn with my big, clumsy, calloused hands. I felt that it was the way out of the mining life, and so began to look around me to find out where to begin. Sometime before this I discovered that I had relatives, an uncle and an aunt, living in the town of Blossburg, about thirty miles from Carbon Run. I had found this out in rather a peculiar way.

One day while working in my little garden, an old man accosted me, asking about my family connections in

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Scotland, and when I had satisfied him, he told me that I had an uncle living in Blossburg. He turned out to be a brother of my mother, who had left home many years ago, and had not been heard of by us since. In some way my name had been mentioned before him by this man and he had asked him to try to find out if I was the son of William Hynd, who married his sister. He was dying at the time of his inquiry and I never met him, but sometime after I visited his wife, my aunt, and was very well received. I now resolved at the first opportunity to visit her again and tell her my prospects and at the same time look into a few shops and try to find out a little about the business I had made up my mind to learn. From those to whom I told my plans I received no encouragement; instead, I was usually laughed at, but I felt that this was the right path and was fully resolved to pursue it. I visited my aunt who received me very kindly, but, like everyone else, did not think much of my project, and with every reason, for it must have been very hard to see a barber in a rough, uncouth man who had never done anything but the hardest labor. I visited two of the barber shops and when I saw the dress and actions of the barbers, my heart sank; but I asked in one place some questions relative to the trade and was advised to buy a razor, a hone and several other articles necessary to the business and get all the practice I could. I carried out the advice and was charged just about twice the usual cost of the articles. There is precious little difference between some tradesmen and a professional thief; and in some instances, the

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difference is in favor of the thief. I had walked from Carbon Run to Blossburg, a distance of thirty miles, and now I walked back and so I walked sixty miles to gain my first insight of the barbering business. When I reached home I was again ridiculed about my trip and the barbering business. I went back to work in the mine and in my leisure time fixed up an old barbering chair and invited the miners in to get their hair cut. After awhile I got all the work I could handle and felt that I was getting on famously. However, my wife was not at all pleased with my operations, for our home was very small and it frequently happened that while I was cutting the men's hair on Saturday nights, my wife was busily engaged making pies or kneading the dough for bread, and when a bunch of hair floated in her direction and alighted on a pie or the dough, it did not please her; in fact she sometimes threatened to throw me and the barber chair out of doors. Is there any housewife who would have blamed her? During the day in the mine I practiced honing a razor on a piece of slate so as to become acquainted with the motions of that work. For this, the miners voted me crazy, but I was firmly set on leaving the mines and making my way in the world with the aid of this trade.

I had little time now for study, so absorbed was I, but made up my mind that when I had once mastered my new trade and opened a shop, to make up for lost time. After some months I felt that I could branch out a little further and so began to look around for a little town of no great pretensions in which I could start my new

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trade. I heard of a mining town in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, called Bernice, that had no barber shop. I visited the place and found it suitable for my purpose. It was owned entirely by a company, so I saw the superintendent and made arrangements to put up a small wooden building for a shop in which I could work in the evenings and during the day work in the mine.

I moved my family there and for a period of three weeks we lived in the little building I had erected until a house was ready for us. I stayed there some nine months but did not find barbering in this place exactly a financial success, and if it had not been for the work in the mine I never could have lived on its profits; but it gave me constant experience and was a stepping-stone to a better location. In this place, as in Carbon Run, the commercial life was dominated by the company. It is true that the laws of Pennsylvania forbid the ownership of the stores by those who control the mines, but they evade the law by running them under the name of their managers, and a miner is forced to buy his groceries and clothing from them, and at exorbitant prices, just as they did when there was no law to attempt to hold them in check. If a man rebelled against the system, he was discharged. He was not given the reason, but simply told that his services were no longer required. The system is little better than slavery and every semblance of it ought to be abolished. The offices of the company were next to the store and they knew exactly the purchases of each man working in the mine. If at the end of a month the

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balance was in favor of the man, he was marked and at the first opportunity was let go. The idea of the company was to permit no man to save money and thus make his leaving them of his own free will almost an impossibility.

In the town of Bernice there was but one church, Presbyterian, and this I joined.

Before keeping house, we boarded at a place where the head of the house was a trustee of the church, but like a great many other men who profess Christianity, did not wholly live up to its teachings. Among the men I did what missionary work I could and with some success. My Bible was my constant companion. I carried it with me everywhere and at every opportunity spoke of its truths.

One evening, the man with whom I boarded asked me to accompany him to a spring in a woods, to draw water. I did so, wondering why he should ask me, as he was a big, able-bodied fellow and quite capable of carrying a pail of water. When we reached the spot he asked me if I could guess why he had desired me to accompany him. I answered him that I had no idea of his reasons. He replied, "I want you to teach me to lead a better life; I want to be a Christian; it is true that I am a trustee of the church, but it is only since you came to live with us that I began to see how very wrong I am and to feel an earnest desire to do right." I told him all I knew about the way and showed him, as best I could, what to do. Above all I felt rejoiced to think that even through me he had been shown,

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“that we are known and read of by all men;” that he had felt, through seeing my life, a longing to know God and finding what he sought. He was from that time a changed man.

When I had things ready my family came, and once more we settled down to hard work.

After returning from the mine I kept my shop open until about ten o'clock in the evening. I did not charge the usual prices for shaving and hair cutting as I was hardly professional enough, and so I only took in from ten cents to seventy-five cents in an evening.

Work in this place was very slack. No one was able to put in a full day's work, and what I earned was not sufficient to provide the necessities of life. For the most part, we were only able to buy oatmeal to live on. In this mine there had some time past been a strike and the company had resolved that in the future they would treat their men in such a way as to make another strike an impossibility. Accordingly, they employed about twice as many men as was necessary to do the work and so made it impossible for them to earn any more than about \$7.00 a week. They could not leave because they were usually in debt to the company for provisions and were they able to walk to the next mining town, they would get no work, for the place they left would notify the surrounding mining companies not to give them employment and they always so helped one another to carry on their slavery.

I knew one man, who had been a ringleader in a strike, to spend nearly \$2,000 looking for employment.



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He would be given work perhaps for two or three days, just long enough for the company to learn who he was. In the end, starvation seemed to stare him in the face and he returned to the company and begged them to take him back, promising that he never again would take sides with the men against them.

To an outsider, it would seem impossible for any man to go begging for a position with so many trades open to him, and so many towns where he could not possibly be known; but a miner in nearly every instance does not think that any other position is open to him. He cannot make himself believe that he is capable of doing anything else. Bad as his own position is, he believes that were he to try anything else, it would mean absolute starvation to him and his family and so he is easily cowed and ground down.

Of course, you must remember that I am speaking of experiences twenty years ago and that since then, many changes have been made for the better. The whole miserable system may have been abolished; at least, I sincerely hope that it has.

Things went from bad to worse, and we were soon in the debt of the company's store. One night when I got home my wife told me that they had refused to let her have any more meat unless we paid for it. We went and talked with the manager, asking him why my credit was stopped. He told me I must have made money from the barber shop and that I was to pay cash for the meat. I then explained to him that I earned very little from that source and used it all to pay for pro-

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visions. I begged him to give me work steady enough so that I could pay my debts, but he would make no promises. I told him that I would leave the place rather than be made a slave, but he could not see how I could leave and get employment elsewhere while I was owing the company money.

Often and often we longed to be back in Scotland, where hard as the life was, the man himself was not bound and fettered to the company for which he worked.

In this same place I had a sister living, who was married, and about this time her eldest boy died. Poor as we were, they were even worse off and had nothing with which to pay the funeral expenses. Told me they looked for help and I could not refuse them the little I might do. I had resolved on leaving Bernice and so I advertised my furniture for sale and with the proceeds, plus \$10.00, I managed to borrow, I paid the expenses of the funeral.

After the funeral I returned home greatly discouraged, but, placing my wife and family under the care of some friends, I journeyed to Coal Glen where lived my brother-in-law, Robert Pollock, the young man who came with me from Scotland and afterwards married my sister-in-law. He moved to Coal Glen shortly after I left Carbon Run for Bernice, and had often written to me to join him. He met me at the depot and gave me a hearty welcome. He had secured for me a position in the mine and sent word that I was to report for work as soon as possible.

These mines were new and good wages were paid to

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the men. This I was told while eating my supper and at six o'clock I began my first work at Coal Glen. I found that I knew quite a number of men working there, who had worked in Carbon Run. In this place the men worked in pairs and each man had the right to choose his mate. However, in my case, I was a stranger to my partner and he had not chosen me, but the superintendent who knew I wanted to work in that mine, had recommended me when he needed a mate. When the rest of the men who knew me heard that I was coming, they told him that he never could get along with me; that I would constantly be preaching religion to him, etc. However, we got along very well.

The first night I felt sick and tired and he saw it, and kindly advised me not to overtax myself but to take things easy. From that night, we became fast friends and I never worked with a man I liked better.

The next day I began to look around for a place to locate my family. Houses were scarce and I could not find any place vacant. I wanted to secure a suitable house where I could open my barber shop. There were two mines some distance apart and between them was some property owned by private individuals and also a few independent stores. Among them was a blacksmith shop. The proprietor also owned a shed which I thought could be very nicely turned into a house and shop. I had first to ask permission of the superintendent, for whom I had worked in Carbon Run, a man of Christian principles and who had helped me greatly after my conversion. He readily gave me permission,

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and I then made arrangements with the blacksmith to turn the shed into a dwelling and barber shop.

When everything was completed, I felt quite happy and sure of the future, and at once made preparations for the coming of my wife and family.

By this time we had five children, three girls and two boys, though I was only a young man of twenty-six years of age. I still felt that I was to reach higher things and had a firm belief that I was destined to preach the Gospel, for which I always worked and longed. At present, I had time for little else than work, and as soon as my family arrived at Coal Glen we commenced to work in good earnest. For the first time, we felt that we were making substantial progress and saving money. The managers and owners of these mines placed no impediments in the way of their men saving money and as work was very plentiful, I, for one, took every advantage of circumstances. I worked one week during the day and the next week during the night. When at home, I devoted myself to barbering, often coming right in from the mines and shaving a customer who had been awaiting my arrival. My shop was the only one in the place and consequently whatever trade there was came to me. It was never enough to support us, but combined with the mining, made our income quite respectable.

On the advice of some friends and with the permission of the company I now bought a small piece of land, about one-quarter of an acre, for thirty-five dollars, and erected a building for a barber shop and dwelling.

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It was a very small building and did not cost very much, but there was not a prouder couple in the length and breadth of the land than my wife and I, when we took possession of our own home. We added to our shop, soft drinks and notions that were not sold in the company's stores. Our barbering trade, too, increased so that I was not able to take care of it all. Often while at work, men came in to be shaved and were forced to leave, much to their disappointment, and my own when I would hear of it.

At last, one Saturday evening, being unusually busy, one of my customers laughingly suggested that Mrs. Hynd learn to shave. This was an idea that neither Mrs. Hynd nor myself had thought of, but it struck me as being quite feasible. I broached the subject to her, but she laughed at the idea, doubting that she ever would be capable. However, I persuaded her to practice on me and at one time, behind drawn curtains, she made her first attempt. She was sure she would cut my throat, but did not, though my face was very sore for over a week. However, the next time she tried, I was only sore a little over six days and so it continued until she was so skilled that she could shave a regular customer. Then she was able to take care of the trade while I was in the mine.

Neither of us liked the idea of her working in the barber shop, but we were bound to get on, and determined to use every means that was honest. However, even now everything was not clear sailing; for, just as soon as things began to look their best, a strike was

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ordered in the mines, and I was obliged to quit work with the rest of the men and had to obey. The majority of the men had no money saved and what I had earned I had invested in the home, so that we were in bad shape. The men were given so much flour a day by the strike committee, but I refused to accept any, as my credit was good in an independent store, and I was sure that some day I could pay for all I ordered.

However, I felt greatly discouraged and it needed all my power and prayers for help and guidance to keep me from falling altogether. It had become a firm belief in me that I was destined by the will of God to leave the mines before I was twenty-seven years of age, and this was my twenty-sixth year. It is hard to explain how completely this belief had taken hold of me and with what faith I had clung to it. But now it seemed to be slipping away from me. It had only been an idea after all.

In the midst of my despondency one day, a man came into the store and asked me if I knew that Brockwayville, a town of about 800 inhabitants, was without a barber shop. He told me that the man who had been there had been caught selling intoxicating liquors and had been driven out of the town and now there was a chance for a barber.

I made preparation to visit Brockwayville the next day. That evening, before we retired, a neighbor, who was somewhat acquainted in Brockwayville, came in to get shaved. I told him what the young stranger had related about the barber being driven out of Brockway-

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ville for selling whiskey unlawfully. He said "I am going to Brockwayville in the morning, and if you choose we will go together and I will introduce you to some of the people." I was heartily pleased with his kind offer and we set a time to start in the morning. When the appointed time came we started, my friend taking his horse. We drove through the farming country toward the village and while scanning the beautiful landscape surrounding the town, my thoughts were only of my future and success. The paramount question that was in my mind then was: Is this the way into the new life I have been praying for? For some time past I had been asking God in prayer to open up the way to lead me from mining. Could it be possible that this was the door opened to escape from labor into a new life of freedom? The joy of that first morning, when a boy of nine years, by this time had all left, and I could see that the best part of my life had been spent in a tunnel of darkness. When we came to the top of a steep grade which led down into the town my friend said. "There lies the little town of Brockwayville in the valley below." I looked, and sure enough there it was in full view, surrounded by a chain of hills covered with hemlock timber. Its first appearance made a good impression upon me. When we had reached the town and I had received a good welcome from many of the business men I returned home and presented the new prospects to my wife. She was willing that we should take our chances in moving to the place. This I did as speedily as possible, fearing some other barber would start in

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ahead of me. I had been in business only a few days when the barber, who had fled for violating the law, returned and re-opened his shop. I then knew that if he were going to stay I had no chance to succeed, because he was well acquainted and a professional man at the trade. One day as I was passing his shop he called me in and made me a proposition that if I would buy him out he would leave the place and never do any more business while I was in the town. The price for his shop was \$200.00. This seemed to me a large amount of money at that time; however, I felt confident that this was the door opening into a new sphere of living, and said I would consider his proposition. At the closing hour of my shop I walked home to Coal Glen and again consulted my wife. We agreed to buy the tools, if we could raise the money. I then called in a neighbor friend and told him my plans. He told me he would give me the money for security on the little home we had erected. When the plans were perfected I bought the shop and the barber's goods and he left the town.



## CHAPTER XI.

### LIFE IN BROCKWAYVILLE.

With the commencement of my life in Brockwayville began a complete change in all my habits of living. Nothing could be more radical than the change from the life of a miner, with its hard, laborious work, to that of a barber, with its confining work, requiring no muscular exertion.

Not taking into consideration this change, I at first went into the new life with no thought save that of making money in order to pay back the debt of two hundred dollars that I had incurred. When I say I had no thought of anything but this saving of money, I mean only as relating to my material life. In all my work I never for one moment lost sight of the great object I was striving for—to some day preach the Word of God.

I very soon perceived a change in my health, a change that caused me some alarm, for I felt that my strength was failing and I was not capable of performing a day's work without experiencing a great deal of fatigue. I was unable, at first, to bring my family to Brockwayville, there being no suitable house vacant, so on Wednesday nights after my work was done, I walked to Coal Glen, returning next day with provisions to last until Saturday morning, when my wife would come over by rail. Then,



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after closing, we would both walk to our home and spend the Sabbath with our family. We still retained the chair at Coal Glen, my wife attending to our customers there. At first, I had some trouble with certain of my customers in regard to the Sunday opening of the shop. It had been the practice of the barber before me to open his shop on the Sabbath morning and it was expected that I would do the same. Those to whom I told my resolve to close my place on the Sabbath, tried to discourage me in enforcing such a rule. They assured me that the men who frequented the shop expected me to shave them on Sunday and if I attempted to close I would surely lose their patronage. However, I could see but one way as a Christian, to keep the Sabbath holy, and therefore I had painted on the mirrors, "This shop will be closed Sundays," or words to that effect. I noticed men read it and say, "Well, I guess he won't last long." But again some came and congratulated me on the stand I was taking and assured me of their patronage and assistance. Those who were offended had nothing to do but come back to me, as I was then the only barber in the place, but in time they became my friends and were pleased with me for making the Sabbath a day of rest.

My health declined so much in these earlier days, that I felt at times greatly discouraged. I was merely the shadow of what I was a few months back while working in the mine, and I sometimes felt that I must return to that life. I asked the doctor about my condition and he advised me to get a gun and dog and start

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to the woods for recreation. This I did and found it very helpful to my declining health. However, after a while I began to mend somewhat, as I became more accustomed to my new life. My business soon so increased that I was not able to carry it on alone, but felt that I could not afford to employ an assistant. I thought of my wife's assistance, but did not like the idea of her working in the barber shop in Brockwayville. It did not seem anything extraordinary in Coal Glen, but then we were known there and we were not in Brockwayville, and people might have quite a different idea of a woman barber in Brockwayville from that of our friends in Coal Glen. On my next trip to my family I talked to my wife on the subject and after discussing the question from every point we could think of, we came to the conclusion that on the following Saturday she should help me at Brockwayville. She proved quite a success in the shop, and this was a heavy burden removed from my shoulders. After the first trial Mrs. Hynd continued to help me.

Shortly after this, my family moved into the town, which enabled me to join a church there and become actively engaged in Sabbath school work. When we had been located in Brockwayville about a year, the barber whom I had bought out returned and again opened a shop, though he had given me a written promise not to re-establish himself in Brockwayville. However, as he was worth nothing, I could not enforce the law against him for breach of contract. He at once began to open his place on Sundays and I was resolved,

if possible, to make him observe the Sabbath. Although it was against the law I did not want to make him close by appealing to the authorities, if I could possibly avoid it. I therefore spoke to the minister of the church I attended, who spoke to the pastor of another church, and together they got up a paper petitioning all business men to close their shops on the Sabbath. This paper they took around and it was signed by every merchant and person who carried on any business in the town. Last of all, they asked the barber for his signature and he, seeing the array of names, was forced to put his signature to the paper. From that day on, there was no more Sunday trade in the town.

At the end of about three years we concluded to buy a lot and build a home. This we did, though we were not able to pay the entire cost at once. As in everything else I undertook, my wife was a great help to me, and together we did whatever work we possibly could on our new home. The first thing to be done in the erecting of our house was to be as economical as possible. We planned to contract for no work which we could do ourselves. For future development we decided to make it a business house and dwelling. My wife, who had changed from the tall, slender lassie that I met that early morning going to the brick field, was now a woman of one hundred, seventy-five pounds and was ready to help in every phase of the work possible. She and I started to lay the foundation for the house. From the foundation to the roof we did such work as lathing, painting and papering with our own

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hands. By these means we were able to save considerable in the construction and make it so much easier to pay for the balance. I might add here, that on our first coming to Brockwayville we were quite looked down upon by the community in general, because my wife assisted me in my business. The women could not understand that any good woman could possibly be a barber, and it was fully three months before one old gentleman finally persuaded his wife to call at our home. After awhile though, the women found that a woman could help in a barber shop and at the same time be a good, true, honorable woman, and be worthy of respect; and I owe what success I have had to the help of my wife, who never shrank from any work, however hard, that tended to help us to better our condition.

In the midst of our hard work and success, my mother arrived in America from Scotland. She came by invitation from my brother and sister, who had settled in Barclay, Pa. Since I had left Scotland I had sometimes thought of asking mother to come to America and live with us, but had been afraid that she might not be able to endure the voyage, and I knew that she was in good hands in Scotland, with my eldest brother and her other children. However, now I was heartily glad that she had come, and was eager to see her, and she made all the haste she could to visit me. I went to meet her at DuBois. I knew what time her train would arrive but I made up my mind not to make myself known, but see if she would recognize me. There had been a vast change in me since I had left her ten years

ago, and it was not strange that she failed utterly to recognize me. I saw her alight from the train, not altered a bit, not even in her dress, since the last time I saw her. She looked all around trying to find me. I stood directly in front of her and though she was forced to look at me, yet she gave no sign of recognition. As she walked forward, I purposely planted myself in her way and as I barred her progress a look of annoyance came over her face, at my rudeness. She seemed alarmed at not finding me there to meet her, till at last I could bear it no longer and said, "Don't you know me, mother?" She looked at me, then fell into my arms and we, in the happiness of meeting, shed tears of joy. When we arrived home she received a hearty welcome from my wife and our children whom she saw for the first time. They speedily learned to love their grandmother and she spent a happy fifteen months in our home, a period I count as the happiest in my life. I was always her boy, "Sandy," just as I had been in the old country, but what a change she found in me and how happy and proud of me she was.

I had left her a poor, lawless, uneducated boy, sneaking from her home in the dead of night, unable even to take with me my young wife. She found me a well-dressed Christian man, owning my own home and with a family of well-bred children growing up around me. In her eyes I was a man of utmost worth and riches; and I have found the dear woman standing outside the house contemplating the home we owned, with an expression of the utmost pride and happiness in her eyes. It was



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a mansion of the utmost magnificence and magnitude, for next to it, in her mind's eyes, she saw the lowly, little, one-roomed hovel in which she watched over my infancy. She left us for Scotland because she wanted to die and be buried in the old place and she felt that her end could not be very far away.

I could not think of her going, but she insisted so persistently on returning to the old country, to be beside the rest of the family, that I had to be reconciled with the thought of her leaving. She finally got ready and we accompanied her to the depot. When the train pulled in, I boarded it with her and stayed until it started out. When the last moment had arrived, I kissed mother good-bye and said "Meet me in Heaven." I then leaped from the train and watched it until it had vanished in the distance. I returned home with a sad heart on account of her leaving, but more willing to make a full consecration for the work of the Gospel. For some time previous to this I had been studying the Bible, about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and mother's leaving brought me to the place of real consecration for this baptism. When I had reached home, I felt that I wanted to be alone. I went up stairs, and there in my room, prayed for the work to be done. The results of this consecration the reader will find in the chapters relating to my evangelistic experiences. While in my business place I kept studying as much as possible until at last I was urged by some ministers to get a local license so that I would be entitled to have privileges as a preacher, but I felt that I was not educated



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enough to have a license, so I determined to commence a study of the elementary branches. I spoke to my pastor as to the most necessary studies and he advised me to take up grammar at once as the most essential to a preacher. Of this study I knew absolutely nothing, but my pastor, the Rev. W W Dall, kindly offered his services as a teacher and told me that I might come to his study each day for a lesson.

I need hardly say that I gladly accepted his kind offer and at once commenced my studies. He chose grammar as being the best for me and when I was not learning from him at his home, I had the book open before me in my barber shop and devoted every spare minute to its mysteries. My children were also studying grammar at the same time, and so during the dinner hour and whenever we were together, I gained what I could from their knowledge and plied them with so many questions that I am sure I must have added a great deal of misery to their young lives. I was three months in learning to my satisfaction that grammar was of any real value whatever, and at the end of one year's close study I felt that my education in the art of speaking the English language correctly was not anything like what it should be, and so I went ahead with the study of a higher grade by the same author. I had a new pastor now, but he, too, very kindly agreed to give me every assistance that lay in his power, and his aid was greatly appreciated by me. I also attended a special term of school held during the summer months, just going there for the lessons in grammar and leaving

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immediately afterward, as I could spare but a short time from my business. I attended every day for about two months and this is really about all the time I ever attended school in my life except the few nights at the school in Carbon Run. I have often felt that I would like to go to some good school for about two years, but the opportunity never came, as it took all my time earning a living for my family.

After I had mastered grammar sufficiently so that I did not make quite the glaring blunders in my speech as before, I took up the study of geography, history and arithmetic, of course, only the simplest books, because everything was new to me and I was as a child beginning, though I used my man's power and knowledge of the necessity of learning to urge me on.

At last, I considered myself far enough advanced to get my license as a local preacher and so attended conference where I was examined with certain others and passed the examination. One of the young men examined with me was saved in one of my meetings, and I was greatly pleased to meet him. I met him at a revival meeting where I was assisting. He was a Roman Catholic, but had his doubts regarding the righteousness of their religion. I visited him at his home, praying with him, and showing him the simple truths of the true Christian faith. I talked to him of the second birth of man, of the knowledge of Christ, and, at last, at a meeting he came to the altar and publicly confessed his sincerity. The last I heard of him, he was still preaching the Gospel. I went from that

conference full of hope and confidence and fully resolved that I would continue my studies and be ordained some day for the ministry. I concluded that it would take me four years of close application in order to make myself eligible.

At first, I found the study of the books very wearisome, having had little experience as a student and none whatever as a scholar of any advanced works. At times I became quite discouraged and felt like giving up the struggle and doing the best I could with the little knowledge I possessed; then I would think of what I might accomplish when my studies were once ended and prayed to God to give me strength to fulfill my task. Then again, it was often a question in my mind whether it was necessary for me to study any other book than the Bible. I found that, when reading the writings of other men, how easy it would be to be influenced by them, unless one continually had before him the precepts of the Bible, and what God had to say on the subject. I think one of the causes of the failure of young men to make any impression by their own works, is because they are too apt to be influenced by the clever writings of other men, and, so lose their own individuality. I believe no man can be a true success unless he is himself.

I attended a missionary meeting, where I could easily tell the denomination of each speaker, by the trend of his thoughts. They were the teachings of his peculiar denomination. Men's teachings would be much more forcible, if they would express them as they

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see them through their own eyes, and not through the vision of the peculiar religious body to which they belong.

In my first years of study it required a great effort on my part to keep at my books in order to advance in learning. I really had no love for books as my past life had been so entirely different from that of a student, and I had many struggles and offered many prayers asking for strength. At last the real love of knowledge and books came to me, something quite different from just the ambition to progress.

About the end of the first year of study I made an attempt at writing a sermon. It was only an attempt for I had to give it up, that is, as far as the writing went, for that part of the work I assigned to my eldest daughter, dictating my thoughts to her. On its completion I was quite proud of the effort. At the end of the first year I passed the examination on the work laid out for that year, but I wondered how I was going to remember what I was learning now. At the close of the second year I spoke to one of the brethren about it and he advised me to make notes of the principal features of each work studied, so that I could at any time refer to them and refresh my knowledge of the subject. I adopted the plan and found it very helpful.

In the midst of my studies for the ministry, the idea came into my mind that I could better my chances for the life I longed to live by leaving the town of Brockwayville for some larger and more influential city, where

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I thought there was a broader sphere in which to gain experience. The more I thought of it, the more I was determined to carry my thoughts into execution. Everyone of my friends advised me against the step and, indeed, in a strictly worldly sense, the idea seemed more than foolish, as my family had grown up in the town and my business was firmly established. I had saved some money and the future seemed bright. I was respected by my fellow men, and was bound by ties of affection to the church and the work I was able to do in it. To leave Brockwayville for another place, meant to sever all these ties that had taken so long to establish and to begin over again in a place where I would be an absolute stranger. In a new place I had no reason to expect that I would be able at once to establish a business that would even keep my family, but the thought of leaving was so strong that I could not help feeling that it was the will of God that I should go, and the more I prayed for light and guidance, the more surely I felt that the right course was to carry out my ideas. I had no particular place in mind where to settle, but I visited several places, and one place, in particular, Punxatawney, Pa., I believed to be just the place. I went so far as to hire apartments, but when I was leaving the place, the Lord seemed to say to me that was not the place. Whenever I have felt this impression of God's will, I have never questioned but obeyed the call.

One day, a brother in the Lord, asked me to accompany him to a large meeting that was being held



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near Pittsburg. He promised to pay all my expenses, but in spite of the feeling that I would like to accompany him, I felt no desire to go; but I had a strong desire to attend a convention that was being held in the City of Toronto, Canada, and the nearer the day of the convention, the more it became impressed upon me that I must go. I had no thought of settling in Canada, but the will of God told me plainly to go in that direction.

On the train, I met several ministers who were known to me and with whom I had worked in various meetings. They enjoyed the trip but I felt despondent. They noticed my sad appearance and asked me why I did not enjoy myself. I could not answer, but I was thinking deeply of God and his guidance, and where he would lead me, for I would locate nowhere unless I felt that it was God's will that I should live there. At Buffalo we had to stop over till the next morning. That evening I took a walk through the main street. To my knowledge I knew no one in the city, yet the thought came to me with decisive force that this was the city wherein I must locate. I asked myself if it was possible. How was I, a stranger, to make a living in so large a place where the expense of living would be so much greater than in Brockwayville and where I knew absolutely no one? My children would, in all likelihood, have to assist me in making the expenses of the household. They had never worked outside of their own home, yet it was firmly impressed upon me that Buffalo was to be our future home. I walked into a barber shop and

talked with a barber, getting what information I could from him in regard to the city. His information was not at all encouraging; he said the place was poor and the most wages paid to a stranger barber was nine dollars a week, an impossible sum on which to support a family. He also told me of a barber shop that was for sale. I went to the hotel and during the night I made up my mind to stop over in Buffalo instead of going to Toronto, and catch the excursion train on its way back. The next morning I went to see the barber shop that was for sale, but I did not like the place. I made up my mind to see some minister and ask him what he thought of the city, so I asked if there was a Methodist Church in the vicinity. I found that there was. I called on the pastor and on my questioning him regarding Buffalo, he told me that in this city every man was for himself and he looked as though he felt just what he said. I bade him good morning and left the house quite discouraged at the prospects, but certain that this was the place in which the Lord intended I should locate. I was walking the streets, not knowing just how to spend my time when I remembered that a young man from Brockwayville had some time previous moved to Buffalo. He, too, was a barber and I at once tried to find him—rather a hard matter, for I had to make inquiries at different shops, till I finally succeeded in finding him. Since he left Brockwayville, he had married and he invited me to his home, an invitation I gladly accepted. After I had rested a while, we started out looking up barber shops for sale. At last, we came

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across one that struck my fancy. It was on Main street and the price asked was \$350.00. I asked the man in possession, for the privilege of working at his chair on the ensuing Saturday, in order to satisfy myself that the place was prosperous. He promised me what I asked and the interval till Saturday I spent visiting the Falls, and looking over the city generally. Saturday I worked in the shop and was satisfied with the result. I gave the man \$5.00 to bind the bargain, promising him to buy the place in a week or so. I left Buffalo on the returning excursion train from Toronto and on the journey I told my friends on the train of my resolve to leave Brockwayville and settle in Buffalo. They all disagreed with my plans, telling me I certainly would regret the day that I left Brockwayville. On my return home, the joy of my family at my return was considerably dampened when I told them of my plans, but I could see no other way than to obey the feeling that I believed God had implanted within me.

I had but a short time to close up my affairs in Brockwayville, before the date that I had promised to buy the shop in Buffalo. However, I had no trouble in selling my old business, and at the appointed time, I was in Buffalo, accompanied by my eldest son, the rest of the family remaining behind until such time that I should have things in shape and a house selected.

I went to work at once in my new shop, and for a while things went very nicely; business was good and I got my family to join me as speedily as possible; then we settled down to life in our new surroundings.

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In a short time, business declined. I had two men working for me and after paying them their wages and the rent of the shop, I found there was not enough left to support my wife and family. It was quite evident that I had paid too much for the business; in fact, about \$350.00, for the seemingly good business, at the start, was caused by some convention being held in the city and not by any steady line of customers.

The house we lived in was too small for our large family and the expenses many times greater than we had ever met in our old home. We were a despondent household.

Every evening when I got home my children greeted me with tears for their old home. I was at times about as despondent as the rest of them. It looked as though we would be forced to use the little it had taken us so many years to accumulate, for the earnings of the shop were not sufficient to keep us. I had mentioned to my helpers that my wife too was a barber, and so one of them got it into his head that I was about to introduce her into the shop and swore that he would not work in any shop where a woman was employed and so he left. This forced me to bring my wife into the shop, for two of us could not attend to the business during rush times of the day; for the trade was uneven, there being work enough at times for three or four men, but during the greater part of the day we were idle. My wife taking the man's place worked quite well for a time, for it saved me so much wages, but in a short time the barber who quit opened a place almost opposite me, and took away a number of my customers.

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Some people who frequented my place did not like a woman in a barber shop. It looked immoral. The fact that we were a clean Christian family and doing our best to earn an honest living made no difference to them at all, so they went to my competitor across the way.

I attended church regularly and tried to get acquainted with Christian people, but at the time I felt the force of the minister's words, who said that in Buffalo I would find every man for himself. It, indeed, appeared to be the truth. It is said that troubles never come singly and so I found it; for the man from whom I bought the barber shop also opened one near me and accordingly I lost a few more of my customers, though I could not in my heart blame him, as he had been unable to get a position anywhere and had spent nearly all of the money I had paid him.

He could not starve and had just as much right to a living as I; so when he went into business for himself again, he naturally opened up where he was known, which of course, was unfortunately near me.

Although, as I have stated, I was often despondent, I knew that I was but working out the will of God and that in his own good time, he would bring right all things that now troubled me. I found a great deal of consolation by reading the twenty-third Psalm.

While walking along the street one evening, I noticed a sign in a millinery window. It read "Girl Wanted." That evening I told my eldest girl to get ready the first thing in the morning and apply for the position, and, as

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in every event of my life, I prayed to God to help us to success. She got the position at a salary of \$3.00 per week, not very much money, but enough to be of considerable assistance to us, when we were so very much in need of help.

My eldest girl being successful, we next thought it would be good if my next girl could get employment. She was quite anxious to be useful and got several positions, none of which, however, paid more than her expenses. This was not what we wanted, so the eldest girl asked for employment for her sister in the millinery store. She was successful, and they both worked very hard to be useful and to learn the business.

My work in the barber shop continued unprofitable, and I could not go on at the rate I was, continually down hill. At the same time I could not very well get rid of the shop as no one wanted to buy it, and when I had taken possession of the place I was bound by the lease, which did not expire for nearly a year. By that time it looked as though I would not own anything. I was sitting by the stove one day waiting for a customer and wondering how things would adjust themselves, when the mail man handed me a letter from a minister in Pennsylvania, inviting me to assist him in holding a series of evangelistic meetings.

I made up my mind at once to go, though I did not know how to get rid of the shop. I might be able to break the lease, but that was out of the question, and I could not afford to close up the place and pay the remaining rent till the lease expired. For a while, I

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was in a dilemma; then I thought the only thing I could do was to ask the landlord to release me.

I went to see him and when I told him what I was going to do, he said kindly that I might vacate the premises whenever I chose. This was a surprise to me, for I had heard that he was a very strict man of business, and I suppose it was for this reason that I had not spoken to him before. But before speaking to him, I spent some time in prayer and I believe it was once more the hand of God opening up the way. At once I wrote the minister, saying I was coming, and as quickly as possible, stored my furniture and prepared to take my departure. A day or two before I left, my wife was taken very sick with quinsy, but I went to do the work of God, trusting Him to take care of my interests at home.

When I reached the place in Pennsylvania, I found that some well attended meetings were being held. The church had just been dedicated and God was with the people.

I at once went into the work with all my heart and soul, though in my leisure moments I could not help thinking of my wife and family and the hard straits in which I had left them. Nearly every day I received a letter stating how they were in want; but I never spoke to the pastor nor anyone about my financial affairs, believing that God would see that they did not want, and so he did and in a strange manner.

I was boarding in the house of a Roman Catholic woman, and one day she said to me, "Mr. Hynd, here







REV. A. C. HYND AND FAMILY,  
"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

is \$5.00; send it to your family." I thanked her and felt the truth of the adage, "a friend in need is a friend indeed." The meetings were a grand success, about one hundred souls confessing Christ. I remained in that place three months, and during this period my eldest boy became so sick that it was feared that he would not live.

I returned home in the spring, without notifying my family of the exact date to expect me, and came into the house and surprised them when they were just wondering what day they might expect me. The reunion was a happy one. After the first greetings were over, work was the most important question to be discussed.

This was on Friday evening and Saturday I must get employment in some shop for at least that day. I could not afford to lose any time though I was tired with my journey and I had worked hard all the winter. One of my boys went out and returned, saying he knew of a place I might work on the morrow, and glad I was, for on Saturday night at 12 o'clock I returned with \$2.00 as my day's earnings. I also worked there Monday, but Tuesday there was nothing to do so I walked around the city looking for employment accompanied by the guidance of the spirit.

While passing down a street on which I had never been, I noticed a barber shop for rent. It was a very small place but on a populous street, and I thought if the rent was not too high, it might prove a good place for business. I accordingly went to see the owner,

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whose terms I considered very reasonable and I rented the place from him, and with what tools I possessed, commenced once more my struggle to earn a livelihood at my trade.

I at once made fair wages and as I had some leisure time, devoted myself to my books, which I had for some time been forced to lay aside. At the church I attended I soon became acquainted with the minister, and to him I told my struggles and aspirations. He advised me to continue my plan and to study the course I adopted and at the end of the fourth year I went to the Conference and was ordained.

At this conference I met a minister who needed a supply to assist him. The elder told me that I might fill this vacancy if I wished. I accepted the position and each Sunday for a year fulfilled the duties required, spending a very pleasant year and happy in the thought of God's guidance.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MY FIRST WORK AS AN EVANGELIST.

I will devote this chapter to relating some of my first experiences as an evangelist.

My evangelistic beginning I owe to a little church two miles east of Brockwayville, at a place called Crenshaw. It was in a Gospel meeting in this mining town where the door of opportunity swung open to me. I had an invitation to attend these meetings that were held every Sunday evening, which I did, and soon had to take my turn as leader. The fact that no minister was present, gave ample privilege for talent to be developed. When this opportunity came I had no reason to doubt the authenticity of my call to preach the Gospel. From the time of my conversion to this time corresponding evidences of Divine Providence had been given me, showing that this work I must do.

The condition of these meetings forced me to continue exhorting every Sunday evening for two or three years. During that time I had many calls to other places to officiate in the same work. One of my trying experiences happened at a place where I was well acquainted. A few men who were engaged in out-door Gospel work desired me to accompany them to this special meeting. On the way I was selected to open the meeting with a short address. This seemed to be the most trying occa-

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sion of my life. The thought of delivering an address to those of my acquaintance from the old country and also to those of this country, seemed to be too much for me. I realized their feelings about my inability, and this rendered me uncomfortable. When we had taken our stand in the center of the mining town, we sang a hymn, after which I commenced my address. This was followed by the others who were more acquainted with that work. This was my first attempt at out-door speaking, which led the way into other churches.

As I have before said, my knowledge of even the first rules of grammar or speech was very limited, and I think my experience might be of value to those handicapped in life and struggling for knowledge. I would add that the first principle of success is faithfulness. So long as you are faithful to the task in life set before you, you are bound to succeed.

At this time I was between the age of thirty-two and thirty-three years. I had stood up and said a few words in church meetings, but had certainly given no sign of making a successful speaker though my heart was set on preaching the Gospel. It was through some of my friends speaking about me, that I received an invitation from a minister living in a village about five miles from Brockwayville, to come and preach for him one Sunday morning.

I had never met him nor his congregation, and when I arrived at his church they were holding a love feast which was to be followed by the sacramental service. I felt very much embarrassed, as though I could not

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fulfill my part of the service, and asked God in my heart for strength to help me. A certain preacher, who had heard me exhort said: "Brother Hynd may prove all right among miners, but he had better never attempt to speak publicly to others."

I thought of this not very flattering speech and it did not add to my zeal. When I went into the pulpit and looked at the audience, I had at first a feeling of absolute fear and for a moment wished myself among my mining friends, and did very nearly ask the minister to kindly excuse me.

However, I offered up a silent prayer for help and remembered the text, "Lo, I am with thee."

The time came for me to begin my sermon and as I stepped forward to deliver my text the fear left me. My text was taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the 26th chapter and the 26-28 verses. "This is my body "

I dwelt somewhat on my own experiences and struggles and the people gave me their attention and approval. After the sermon, at the first call of the minister for the partakers of the sacrament to advance to the altar, he seemed surprised to see me take my place with them. He had expected me to assist him in administering the sacrament and coming to me, he asked if I was not ordained. Before I started for home he engaged me to assist him with a revival meeting that fall.

I went home rejoicing and still more determined to devote my life to preaching the Gospel, and hoping that at the next conference he would be reappointed to the

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same charge. Fall came and he was sent back to the same church, or I should say churches, for he preached in four different places. One of them was about fifteen miles from my home and it was to this church that he invited me to come and assist in a revival meeting. When I got there, I found that he had gone away for a few days and left word for me to carry on the meetings during his absence. Again I was among strangers. He had also been assisted by another minister and I felt the responsibility of taking charge of a revival meeting that had been up to this time conducted by two ordained ministers. I felt my inexperience, and dreaded failure, but I asked for help and strength to carry on the work and did my best to convince the people of the only true way to live. I held meetings afternoons and evenings and many people experienced a change of heart.

When the minister in charge came back, he rejoiced with me on account of the success and together we thanked God for His goodness. I worked there about four weeks, and one day while dining at a brother's house heard of a very poor family that lived some miles away. There was something so impressive in what I had heard that I determined to go and find them and persuade them to come to the meetings.

I told my determinations to the pastor but he said we had no time to visit them that afternoon. I, however, was determined to go that afternoon, as I believed that the obstacles placed in the way of doing a good action are but the plans of the devil to thwart God and my

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duty was to aid God. My companion agreed with me and so we parted, he going in the direction of the church to hold the afternoon meeting, and I taking the road that would bring me to the home of those I wished to see.

The place was located in a woods near an old tumbled-down mill. I had difficulty in finding it. The door was held by a padlock with chains attached. I knocked for admission and after waiting some little time the door was opened by a young woman who showed great embarrassment, when she saw that I was a preacher. I understood her perfectly, as I had myself known what poverty was, and, indeed, this place reminded me more of my own home, when a boy, than any other I had seen since.

After a few words of greeting she invited me into the room. The signs of poverty were plainly visible on every surrounding object. Her old stove, badly furnished with fuel, stood in the centre of a room, and near it, two other women sat trying to keep warm. Their clothing was of the scantiest, indeed, so thin and frayed was it that it hardly deserved the name of clothes. I talked for some time with them, urging them to attend our services, and before I left I had obtained their promise to attend. I looked for them the next night and for several nights, but they did not come. I continued to pray for them and my prayers did not remain unanswered, for, at last, one evening I noticed three women come in and take a seat near the door. At first I did not recognize them, but soon I discovered that



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they were the ones whose coming I had so much longed for. After the meeting I approached them, welcoming them and asking them to come again. At the same time I could see that their garments were very much better than I thought they could have possessed, altogether there was a great change for the better in their appearances, and I learned that their neighbors had gotten together and helped them with clothes, etc. They attended faithfully and soon conviction came upon them, and they came forward and gave their hearts to God and were saved.

What a reward was this for just going out of one's way a little to help a fellow mortal; what a lesson to teach one's duty to others!

It was during my labors in this meeting that I experienced more deeply the value of prayer. I felt a peculiar uplifting from the very commencement, but I was ignorant of the cause, until a man came to me, a class-leader in the church, and asked one night just before I delivered the sermon, if it would disturb me, were he to kneel under the altar and pray. I told him it certainly would not disturb me in the least, and so he took his station and prayed during my entire discourse. I cannot describe my feelings under this experience. It was something entirely new, and I felt a marvelous strength and inspiration and it seemed as though the Spirit of God took possession of everyone in the church.

It was the beginning, to me, of more time devoted to prayer. The brother who prayed under the altar that night offered up a special prayer for the young

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men of the place, asking the Lord to spare the tree yet a while longer, then if it bore no fruit to cut it down.

Of all the meetings held in the church, the success of this one was the greatest; and the prayer was not forgotten.

At a revival held the next winter, the same brother, Schaffner, offered up the same prayer, particularly for the good of one young man for whose salvation he had worked in vain, he still refusing to listen to the words of life. Again at this meeting he hardened his heart. He little knew that it was his last chance of ever knowing God in this world, for either at the time of the closing meetings or immediately afterward he was killed, and when his dead body lay in the church, it was in the place where he had been invited to kneel and give his heart to God, but in vain.

This incident created a deep feeling of awe among the entire community. The tree that bore no fruit was indeed cut down.

It was in the winter of 1895 that I entered into my second meeting at a place called Richardsville, between twelve and fifteen miles from Brockwayville.

The place was very small, being in a valley, with a brook running through the centre of the village, in which were only two stores and an old grist mill. The same minister whom I had helped in my first meeting was in charge of the church, and it was at his request that I came to hold the revival meeting. No previous preparation had been made and the community was consequently in its normal condition, making me feel

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rather doubtful as to the success of, at least, the opening meetings. As we were approaching the town I asked the pastor what faith he had in the success of the revival, but he scarcely answered me, and I could only keep on praying for success.

When we arrived at the town, he took me to the home of one of the members of his congregation. No sooner was I introduced than I asked her the same question that I had asked the minister—her opinion in regard to the success of the meetings I was to hold. She merely shrugged her shoulders, but showed very plainly that she thought the effort would be a failure. “How long do you think it is since we even had a prayer meeting in this town?” she asked me. Of course I did not know but was surprised when she told me that it was a year. I asked her to pray with me for the success of the revival. After supper we called on several members of the congregation, praying with them and earnestly inviting them to help us in the work.

About eight o'clock we entered the church. Only a very few came, but at the end of the service I announced that on the following afternoon another service would be held and if it were well attended, we would continue to hold them till the end of the meetings. Apparently there was but a very poor chance of success but I resolved to go on to the end. When we met on the second day an increased audience was in attendance and I pressed the truth and the great need of consecration to God for the work at hand. That night I felt that there were some souls in the audience who

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felt the truths, and I hoped for their complete conversion. I went home overjoyed and prayed, sleeping very little that night. The next day, up to the time of the service, the pastor and I spent the time visiting every home, one after the other, inviting everyone to attend the service in the evening. At service that night I felt happy, feeling sure that we would gain many souls for Christ. I spoke, using the best powers I possessed, and then invited those who wished to be converted to come to the altar. At first, there was no response, the pastor and I standing alone. The church members would not move and acted as though they were ashamed to acknowledge they were Christians. I pointed out the truth to them and spoke of the responsibility that rested on them as members of the church. After urging some time, there was a movement of some few people toward the altar; then three persons came directly to the altar and knelt in prayer. I shouted with joy and praise to God for the victory. The audience at first looked embarrassed but speedily joined me. As I can remember, two of the three expressed repentance and were saved and the next evening and the next, more and more sinners found their way to Christ. To the glory of God I must relate an incident that occurred during this meeting which stands out with more prominence than any other:

During one of the earlier services held, I was asked to leave the church and perform the burial service over the grave of a woman. I hurried out and by the side of the grave, as mourners, were five well-dressed and

apparently well-educated young women, and also a young man. As the dead woman had been married, I wondered where her husband could be, but said nothing. After the service was over some one asked me to say a few words of sympathy to the husband. I looked around and he was pointed out to me. I was also told the young women were his daughters. Nothing could equal the contrast between the father and daughters, as they looked models of refinement, and he, a pattern of coarseness. His dress was most slovenly and the mournful ceremony performed seemed to have no effect on his rough nature. I approached him, and, putting my hands on his shoulders, asked him if he was a Christian. He replied with a gruff, "No." I told him how I sympathized with him, but my words seemed to have no effect. It was a cold day and I invited him into the church to warm himself, which he did and I stayed close to him, telling him of the love of our Saviour. I made him promise to come to the meeting that evening, but he failed to keep his promise. Some time after this when I was making my customary visits among the people in the vicinity, I happened to call at his house and fortunately he was at home. We at once recognized each other. I had a long talk with him and from his eldest daughter I learned something of their history

The mother had been a good woman of a refined, gentle nature and the daughters were like her. The father was a man of the roughest and coarsest character who feared neither God nor man and who in turn was

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feared by everyone in the community After my first visit I called upon him three times, each time urging him to attend our meetings. The people were astonished at my attempting to change a man of his character. At last, I persuaded him to come to the church and he continued to come for a few nights, during which I did my very best to interest him, but he failed again to make his appearance and I wondered what had become of him. However, toward the end of the meeting he again came and one night after the general invitation had been given out to come to the altar, he came and confessed his sins and gave his heart to God. In his first testimony he told that my words of kindness spoken to him at the grave of his wife had impressed him so much that he never forgot them and that my visits and afterward his coming to the church had strengthened his already awakened conscience, but he had fought to exclude the light of truth that was breaking in upon him. His absence from the meeting he explained, saying that in his determination to fight against this light, he had obtained employment forty miles away so that he could not attend any more of the meetings, but he could not work. In vain he strove against the power of God, and so finally gave himself completely to the truth.

Another incident I will relate in connection with the same meeting: A lumberman was so addicted to profanity that if anything went wrong with his work, which was handling logs from the woods to the mill, he would at once break into oaths of the worst kind, calling

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upon God to come down and do his work, his profanity sounding like fits of insanity. I called on him at his home and finally persuaded him to attend church. He became convinced of his sinful life and suddenly the light dawned upon him. I was in another part of the church at the time, and he was shouting praises of God and shaking hands with everyone within his reach. At last, he caught sight of me and rushed toward me. I could tell by the look in his eye that he did not merely intend to shake me by the hand, and I wondered what he would do. I was not kept in doubt of his intentions very long, for he threw his arms around me and hoisted me in the air and carried me around the church. I was but as a child in his strong grasp. It was also my good fortune to be the instrument in fulfilling a mother's constant prayer of thirty years.

In the woods about two miles from the church was a large lumber camp and some of the men, among them the foreman, attended the meetings. From the foreman, who also invited me to dine at the camp, I obtained permission to talk to the men during their noon hour. Near the camp in which we had dinner was another building which the men used as a kind of general lounging and smoking room and in this place I delivered my address. After the address the foreman promised the use of the teams to take any of the men to the revival meetings who cared to go. Many took advantage of his offer and among the number was this man who had been the subject of his mother's prayer for thirty years. She was a devout Christian, but her

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prayers had not been answered in the conversion of her wayward son. Among his other sins was drinking and he was so confirmed a drunkard that it was said he would sell the clothes off his back for a glass of whiskey. He had a sister living in the village, also a Christian like his mother, and who also took a deep interest in his soul's welfare. The mother wrote her when she learned there was an evangelist holding meetings in the church, telling her to beg of me to ask special prayers for the saving of her boy. The sister one afternoon brought the letter to the church and showed it to me, and I told her she must read it to the whole audience; that it would be a great help to them and might do much good for the cause. The son had of his own will become converted the day previous and on her reading the letter from the mother before the people that night, he sprang up praising God, exclaiming, "Praise God, her prayers have been answered." The revival meeting closed with a young people's meeting, which had been abandoned in times past but was now reorganized with a membership of over one hundred souls. During this revival meeting over one hundred people had confessed Christ and pledged themselves to lead a godly and pure life.

Shortly after the closing of the meeting I held at Richardsville, I received a letter of invitation from the Rev. J. Edgar Brown, of Corsica, asking me to help him in a series of revival meetings which he was about to hold. I gladly accepted the invitation and in the course of a day or two joined him in his work. On



my journey I met a pastor with whom I had been previously acquainted, and found out in conversing with him, that he, too, was bound on the same mission as I and was also to be engaged at the same meeting. He had only known me as a barber, perhaps as a worker in the church, but I am sure he had never associated me with preachers. He himself, as also the Rev Brown, was a man of education, as well as an ordained minister, and as I thought of this, my comparison in regard to myself was not at all flattering.

Arriving at Corsica, the Rev Brown met us and we accompanied him to his place of residence. There I became acquainted with an old lady whom I count as being one of the most perfect Christian characters I ever met, and her knowledge of the Bible was profound. At the first meeting it was decided that the Rev W H. Robinson, my friend who accompanied me, would preach and that I should follow up his address with an exhortation. This suited me entirely, as it gave me a better opportunity to study the audience.

At the sound of the first bell I made my way to the church, and upon entering, I noticed an old man sitting by the stove whom I mistook for the janitor. Walking up to him I held out my hand by way of introduction, at the same time asking him if he was a Christian. He looked at me as though he would like to do me some bodily injury, and replied, "You can do no good here, you had better leave." His style of talk was a surprise to me. I asked him for his meaning. He began by upbraiding the pastor and added that he had sent for

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me to try and unite the church which had become dismembered through the wrong doings of the pastor. I replied this was news to me, but this much I knew, that it was his duty to get right with God and do his part in the church. He commenced to tell me more of the troubles but his conversation was cut short by the arrival of the audience. The old gentleman would not stay to the service, but went home. I afterward learned that he held the keys of the church and would not give them up. I visited him at his home, and tried to persuade him to become reconciled with the pastor but he would not and remained in that condition until the pastor left.

At the first meeting's conclusion, I announced that I would give afternoon Bible readings. The following afternoon very few attended and in the evening it was my turn to preach the sermon. I chose for my text, Luke XVI, 23d verse—"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." After I had described the life of the rich man, his greatness, his riches and the death of him and his kind, I turned to the Scripture and expounded the passages, relating to the word "Hell." I was well aware of the word's unpopularity, and its infrequent use from the pulpit. I first spoke of the Hebrew word "sheol," the English translation of which is "hell." After quoting it from Deut. XXXII, 22, "For a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn unto the lowest hell" (sheol), I explained that this was a prophecy relating to the destruction of Judea by the Romans. Then I turned to II Samuel XXII, 6, "The

sorrows of hell (sheol) compassed me about." In this passage it has reference to the depth of sorrow which was felt by David while being pursued without cause by his enemies. Again I turned to Job XI, 8, and read, "It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell." (sheol). Job uses here the two extremes to denote glory and punishment. In Ezekiel 31, 16, we find: "I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall, when I cast him down to hell." (sheol). Here the prophet has reference to the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. In all these passages it is shown that sheol is an unseen world of punishment. I pointed out that in the New Testament the Hebrew word "hades" is used, but with just the same meaning. In Matthew XI, 23, we have the following: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven shall be brought down to hell." (hades). I explained how that Capernaum had been particularly exalted in so much that from it had come the apostles, Peter, Andrew, James, John and Matthew, yet she had never accepted their teachings. In Matthew XVI, 18, "I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell (hades) shall not prevail against it." Here it shows the everlasting existence of Christ's church on earth and its victory over all the forces of evil. This we find in Acts II, 29-31 "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried and his sepulchre is with us unto this day, therefore, being a prophet and knowing that God had sworn, with an oath

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to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne; he seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption."

Some maintain that these passages prove that by the word "hell" a grave is simply meant, but the other quotations, to my mind, prove conclusively that a future place of punishment is meant. Rev. I, 18: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." This proves Jesus to be the only way by which Heaven can be entered, and entirely disposes of any idea that any man, however holy, but of earthly origin would have the keeping of the gates of Heaven. Another word that is meant to express hell is the word "Gehenna." We come across it in Matthew V, 21-22 "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment, but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother, without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment, and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca! shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." Now, outside of the walls of Jerusalem in times long before, fires burned continually destroying garbage, and the word used by the Jews in describing these fires was "Gehenna" and the word "hell" used by Christ, in the passage thus quoted was in the original spelled in the same way, thus inferring

that Christ, while delivering this, was in the vicinity of this "Gehenna," and pointing to it, used it as an illustration of hell. Another proof of the meaning of the word "Gehenna" (hell) is found in Matthew V, 29: "And if thy right eye offend, pluck it out, and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members shall perish, and not that thy whole body shall be cast into hell." To this I gave the practical explanation of every-day living; that all sins must be destroyed when they are first present, else they gain full control of us and destroy the whole. In Matthew, X, 28: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him, which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell (Gehenna fire)." This I went on to show as pointing out the great necessity of at all times obeying our Heavenly Father, rather than man. Examples we have in the lives of Daniel, Joseph, Nehemiah, Job, Peter, Bishop Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley and many others from the earliest to our own times. In Rev. XX, 10: "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire." This is a description of hell, a place of perpetual torment. There is another word that is used, but only once, and having the same meaning—it is the word "tartarus." It is found in II Peter II, 4: "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell and delivered them into chains of darkness to be reserved unto judgment." This I explained, what little hope there would be for us if we neglected to obey the word of God when we know that he cast into hell holy beings

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like angels, led away by the influence of the rebel archangel.

I could see that my sermon had caused great conviction to fall on the people. In fact, I have attended few meetings that equaled this one. I, with the other pastors, labored for two weeks. The result was not so good as it might have been, had there been no dissension in the church; but the services were attended by people of every denomination represented in the town, and had not the members of the church banded themselves to oppose their minister, eternity alone would reveal what might have been done in saving souls in that meeting. Men may try to justify themselves in staying away from church, and lay the blame on others, but they have no warrant from the word of God for so doing. I returned from that meeting, feeling that the disturbance in the church was the cause of our not having had a fruitful season.

Some time elapsed before I had another call; so as usual I attended to my business and occupied my spare moments in studying such books as would aid me in the work. One afternoon when I had returned from the woods with my dog and gun, Brother D. Platt, who was then my pastor, called to see me about a revival service. Some preacher had written to him, inquiring of my ability and also desiring my service if everything was favorable. We talked the matter over and I consented to go, if my service was required. While I was waiting for an answer from the letter sent, Brother Platt, accompanied by an old and venerable looking

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gentleman, stepped into my barber shop. I was busy at the time, shaving a customer and I told them to be seated. I could see that the old minister was embarrassed and felt quite out of place by coming to a barber shop to find an evangelist to do the work he needed. Before long I finished with my customer and Brother Platt introduced us. I understood physiognomy enough to see that the old minister had little faith in my evangelistic powers. However, we talked matters over about his church and the terms on which I was to go. Then we set a time for the meeting to commence. I even then believed that he had little faith in finding a man in a barber shop who could help him to move his church heavenward. Nevertheless, things are not always as they appear, and such was the case at this time. Before the night appointed for the meeting to begin, Rev. Vance, for such was the old gentleman's name, sent word to Brother Platt, stating that he could not be present when the meeting opened, as he had to leave on account of his son's marriage, and invited Brother Platt to come and open the meeting with me. After having been informed of this I thought it strange for him to leave such an important work, when he knew that I was a stranger to his congregation. On the night appointed for the meeting we went together Rev. Platt, being well acquainted with the people, encouraged me to enter the strange place. He was to be with me only one night, after which I was to conduct the meeting until Rev. Vance returned. Upon reaching the town we were met at the depot and conducted

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to the parsonage, where we ate supper and awaited the evening service. During our conversation in the parsonage I noticed indications which caused me to believe that something was wrong. At this point I took James' advice when he said: "Be swift to hear and slow to speak." After the tolling of the first bell had died in the distance, we started for the church. On the way I said to Brother Platt, "You must preach tonight while I view the externals of things." He kindly consented and we entered the church. Those present curiously fixed their eyes upon us. I could see that they were watching the evangelist. Here I realized a task before me. It was a church of a higher grade than any I had worked in before. This rendered me uncomfortable and I made fruitless attempts to calm my nerves. It was a great task for a man of my small ability to lead people of all grades of knowledge into a higher life. When we had taken our places in the pulpit the congregation soon assembled. They seemed anxious to hear from the evangelist, but for once their patience was thoroughly tested. Brother Platt opened the meeting, delivered the sermon, and near the closing of the service introduced me to the people. I kept as mute as possible, only saying a few words and inviting them to come back the next evening. Many as they were leaving the church asked what this extraordinary procedure meant. I could not thoroughly understand it myself, but I conducted myself just as I was led. There was something here that I must know before I could proceed with the meeting.



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Before we retired that evening I inquired earnestly about the condition of the church, and when I asked how long it had been since a revival meeting had been held, the conclusion of the whole matter clearly appeared to me. I then learned that only a few weeks had gone by since they closed a five-weeks protracted meeting. When I asked why they desired another to be continued, I learned that the people were dissatisfied and wanted to have success. The question might be asked, "What was the cause of the failure of the first meeting?" Many things might be said and many persons might be blamed, but to my mind the trouble was with the church. They had got into a controversy with another church, about the minor things of religion and the devil was on the steeples of both churches, rejoicing over the victory. That night I did much praying and in the morning, after breakfast, started out with my Bible in hand, to present the truth on the street or in homes, where an opportunity might present itself. When the evening shades gathered I had covered quite a little of the town and was then ready for such a meeting as the Lord would give.

By this time I saw the light in which the Gospel must be placed before the minds of this people. They had been demoralized to some extent by conflicting doctrines and their multifarious beliefs were giving them trouble. My first sermon quickened thought. It was preached from the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. II, 3. At the close of the service I gave a general invitation for all to come

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to the altar. Many responded and we had a consecration service.

The next day I did personal work in the community, going from door to door, inviting people to the church. The third night of the meeting souls came to God. The ice was then broken and the way cleared for many more. At the close of the first week Rev Vance returned and was overjoyed to see the progress of the work.

One experience that I had in this meeting I can never get out of my mind. It was the actions of one man who held himself up as a Bible teacher. He was a man of some position in the place, who was constantly talking Bible. Apparently, he was acquainted with what he was talking. To my mind he was nothing short of a Christian teacher, but his actions were not consistent. During the meeting I had to go home one Saturday morning. While waiting for the train this patron of Christianity stepped into the depot. At first I failed to recognize him on account of his dress. He looked more like a lord than a pilgrim. Upon my return to the place I inquired as to where he was going that Saturday morning, and to my surprise I found that he was on his way to amuse himself with worldly entertainments. This is what staggered my mind, how a Christian teacher can overlook the text "Be ye separated and touch not the unclean thing." Such men as this have a small sphere in spiritual life and ought to awaken to the text, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." At the end of four weeks this meeting closed with the

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church rejoicing in the freedom that can only be had in Christ Jesus.

Soon after this revival a message came from Falls Creek, Pa., asking my attention at the 'phone. The import of the message was that I should visit that place at once and continue a meeting that had been in progress there for two weeks. The minister had been suddenly called from the place on account of sickness, thus leaving the flock without a shepherd. I consented to go and left on the evening train, reaching there in time for the service. When I entered the church I found a small congregation, which disappointed me very much, for I had expected to find the fire of the Holy Spirit burning, knowing that the meeting had been running for two weeks. As in the previous meeting, I was a stranger here and had to make my acquaintance gradually. That night, after preaching, I announced that I would give a Bible reading in the afternoon the next day and requested all to bring their Bibles. It seemed to me that once more I was in a cemetery. That night I fervently prayed for the success of the meetings, and meditated upon what could be done to arouse the people to a sense of their duty. The next day a few came to the afternoon service and at the close I invited all to the altar for consecration. A few responded and others sat heedlessly, denoting by their actions that they would not have this man rule over them. For two or three nights the meetings continued in this way. There seemed to be no movement among the people, but apparently beneath this immovable condition the

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Bible readings were taking effect. The first indication of a stir was the increase in attendance at our afternoon meetings. The people came with their Bibles and took notes of the readings. At the end of the ninth day souls were making their way to the altar. It seemed as though the people were climbing to the height of the mountain of transfiguration and taking hold of the deeper things of God. At the end of two weeks the church was too small for the greatly increased attendance. All quietness had disappeared and it was a common thing to hear people shout before the meeting commenced. At the end of two weeks the minister returned and found the community deeply moved by the power of God. The sanctifying Spirit was finding his way into many hearts. The church was then the greatest attraction for the people of the surrounding country. The experience of one man there increased my faith in the Divine working of the Holy Spirit. For the first two weeks he tried to hide himself behind the membership of the church, but now the meetings were running at so high a tide that the power was too much for him. Conviction had reached its climax. I missed him in the meeting one night, and thinking that sickness was the cause I inquired, when we met, and it was then that I discovered that he was not clear as to his condition before God. I tried to show him what to do, but he was now in the attitude in which thousands of others have been. How could he, who had been posing as a leader, go to an altar like a sinner. On this point the devil held his attention. When the invitation was

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given for all to come forward to the chancel, he would stay back and would not even make an attempt to move. At last he failed to appear in the congregation. I continued to pray for him, believing that God would answer my prayer and give the man the victory he desired. Before the close of the meeting one afternoon, just after I had given a Bible exposition, and was about to invite the audience to take part in an after service, this beleagured soul entered the church and made his way to the altar. When he reached the place where I stood, at the end of the chancel, he said, with tears rolling down his quivering cheeks, "Pray for me." A shout of joy went up from his brethren at the sight of his surrender. It was a sacrifice, but with it came a great victory. His repentance was true godly sorrow which brought real salvation. When the spirit answered to the blood he sprang to his feet and shouted "Glory to God." This added to the fuel of the revival meeting. Did this victory last for a day? Aye, more than that.

I was called to the same church five years later and I found this man one of the true spiritual workers. The Holy Spirit continued to drive sin out of the community until one of the saloon keepers said that if this revival meeting did not soon close he would have to discontinue his business. It was a common thing to hear people shout on the street and every home was turned into a place of prayer. I have seen, during the sermon, people making their way to the altar and others falling in the aisle before they reached the objective point. At the close of the meeting I was satisfied that my power for

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good had been vindicated beyond the estimation of those, who, in their limited knowledge, had said that "My sphere was among miners in doing evangelistic work."

While the fire of this good work was burning in my heart, W H. Robinson, who was then pastor at Sabula, sent for me to help him there. He had been engaged for three weeks in a special meeting, but no movement had shown itself among the people. I was personally acquainted with Rev. Robinson and knew that his three weeks' work would not be in vain. He was sowing the seed for a great ingathering. When I reached the church I found it located on the top of a hill, affording poor access. A stranger who was not acquainted with revival work, would have said, "You can never get people to come through these valleys and over these hills, in a blustering storm to attend a revival meeting." Indeed, my faith, when I saw the place, was not altogether favorable, but I knew that Jesus said "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth." There is no greater attraction in the world than a meeting where God has the right of way. We labored together for a few nights, and prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit. We soon saw the effects of the work that had been done from the opening of the meeting. Souls began to make their way to the altar. Afternoon meetings were continued in the same way I had done in previous meetings, giving Bible readings, which took great effect. I remained in the place five weeks, and something over a hundred souls had given evidence of finding Christ. Rev. Robinson tried to close the meeting when I left,

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but he found it impossible on account of souls coming to the altar. I think, from the time the meeting opened until it closed, it had taken up eleven weeks.

From here I continued in such work until I was called to a camp ground, to run a holiness meeting for two weeks. Now I could see clearly my future work. My reason for relating the foregoing experiences in my early evangelistic career is to illustrate to those who think themselves weak in God's work, that the Spirit can use them to the glory of God. None of these experiences is related to edify those who have been especially trained in the evangelistic field, but simply to show the way to others who lack education.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SKETCH OF A SERMON.

The following is a sketch of a sermon I preached during my earliest period as an evangelist; at the time I was quite illiterate, could but read and write and had read no works whatever to guide me as a preacher. My text was taken from the 69th Psalm and the 4th verse: "Then I restored that which I took not away."

On the face of our text we learn that some goods had been wrongfully taken from the place to which they belonged. While the master of the house and his family slept, some thief had entered and stolen valuable goods, but the thief was detected in the crime by a friend of him who slept and this friend, though he could not stop the thief in the act nor take the goods from him, out of the goodness of his own pure heart had replaced at his own cost the goods thus stolen. What would we think of such a friend? We would load him with our praises and extol him as a hero and the most noble of men.

Man in the beginning was created pure, everything that he needed was provided lavishly; he had but to stretch forth his hand and that which he wanted was within his reach. Being pure, and sin unknown, his wants were simple. He knew only happiness and the greatest of his blessings was Eve. Her enjoyment, too,



was equal to his, and together they were as one. The devil saw the works of God and was wroth; he hated bitterly everything that proceeded from God—because it was good—and he was the embodiment of evil. With his expulsion from heaven ended any hope for his own repentance and redemption. He was still powerful and henceforth he would war against everything proceeding from God. In Adam and Eve he was successful. He taught them to sin. God had left the continuance of that God-like purity he had created in Adam and Eve to their own will and strength, else there would have been no use in having warned them not to partake of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil; but the craft of Satan was stronger than the obedience of man and so they fell and were punished and God was robbed of the glory he purposed in the creation.

For six thousand years God has been pleading with man to return to him, to glorify him. The Psalmist points out that nature has always glorified God. He says, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and all nature in the springtime glorifies God in its resurrected power. But in man, God is not glorified; in him all is vanity and vexation of spirit. If God purposed in the beginning that all men should continually worship him in spirit and in truth, then has he been robbed of that which was his. After the creation it is stated that God rested from his labors, but his rest was speedily broken by the sin of Adam and Eve and since he has been working for our redemption. Since the beginning of sin all is work.

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Let us look at that which was lost to man in the fall. Before his sin, he was master of the universe, subject to the Creator above him; after his sin, he became the slave of the universe and only by the most laborious toil could he make the earth yield to him enough to drag on his existence and the end of his labor was a return to the dust of which he was created. However, in his mercy, God left hope—hope for a future life—where man would enjoy that life which in the beginning he had lost.

Man in the beginning was all light, but now by nature he is all darkness. “The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; they are all foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.” “The people which sat in darkness saw a great light.” Man fell into darkness when he fell into sin, he was drawn from the presence of light and never again has he had the privilege of seeing God except by faith. Through sin man lost his liberty; before, he was free to roam at his will and knew no bonds. Now, the world is in bondage, all men are crying for liberty, all are ground down and compelled to struggle for an existence. By sin, man lost health, the greatest gift of his pure state, for without health there is no content. Think of a world without disease of any kind! Even in the present struggle for wealth and position, the pursuit that most completely fills the lives of men and what their nature craves most for, every effort of man is put forth to gain riches, yet be he deprived of health he would willingly give up the gains

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of a lifetime to free himself from disease. Man has lost his intellectual powers. To Adam was given the naming of the beasts of the fields and every living creature. His power of mind must have been equal to his life and surroundings, and we must be just as far below him in power of brain as our life is below that life before sin came into the world. If the world had remained free from sin, schools and all places of education would have been unnecessary. Our knowledge would have been perfect without them and these institutions are now, though perhaps unknowingly, helping in the grand struggle to bring us back to that knowledge and life that was lost to us. We lost, too, the common language that all men could understand.

I remember at one time of journeying on a trian in company with a number of emigrants who had just reached this country. They could not speak a word of English and no one could understand their tongue. It was pitiful to see their perplexity and the terror they felt lest they should not reach the place they wanted, where evidently their friends were to meet them and direct them in what they should do. I thought, "another result of the sin of man;" another blessedness that was lost and which we all long for—peace. When Adam hid himself from God in the Garden of Eden, he had lost his peace and forever to the world it was lost. He heard God and was afraid. Fear took the place of peace and so it is today; we tremble and try to hide our sins. Sometimes we succeed as far as the world is concerned, but never with the all-seeing God. When

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the devil robbed us he robbed us of all our treasures, he left us nothing. I have spoken about the taking of the treasures, let us now say something of their restoration.

When God told the serpent that her seed shall bruise thy head, he showed them a glimpse of his merciful intentions and in the death of his son, Jesus Christ, he restored that which Satan had taken away, the inheritance of ever-lasting life to those who would still obey his will and rule their earthly life according to His divine will and purpose. Jesus said on the cross, "Now, O Father, glorify thou me with the glory I had with Thee before the world was." God's name is now glorified through his son and the church. Divine justice has been restored in the death of Christ. Justice must be satisfied and only through the death of Christ, His own son, could it be done. No man could be a fit sacrifice and now justice is satisfied; man is not now barred from the Garden of Eden. He has been raised from death unto life again, "Alive unto God, dead in trespasses and in sins."

This life of Christ in a man is beyond explanation; it is far reaching, yet with him, the hope of Glory. He has life, immortal life, springing up into life. It is like the water drawn up by the sun, only to fall to the earth again and refresh it. So man's immortal part is drawn up, only to return again with blessings on humanity.

The Son of God says, "I will give unto my sheep eternal life." This is the true life that was man's

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before sin came. "In the image of God created He them." Man has been restored to wisdom to be wise in all his dealings in the controlling of our actions and our minds, and not trusting entirely to the dictation of his own heart. Many a good fellow has been deceived by his own heart and come to naught because he leaned more upon himself than upon the Saviour.

The good book says that, "He that ruleth his own heart is greater than he that taketh a city." The Word also says "The fool hath said in his own heart there is no God." These passages all go to prove that the heart cannot be trusted of itself.

Paul says in his Epistle to the Corinthians I, 30, "Christ Jesus has made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." Again in I Cor. III, 19, "For the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God." These passages show that there are two kinds of wisdom, a heavenly and a worldly. James says the wisdom that is from above is first. Pure, then peaceable, that is when a man has the wisdom of God in his heart, he will be laying up for himself treasures in heaven. In the first of these texts I have just quoted, Paul says, "Jesus is made unto sanctification," which means, separated or set apart for a Divine purpose. Paul must have had this thought before him when he said to the church at Rome "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind

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that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Let us look at the word, "Redemption." I have often thought that the writer by using that word, meant to teach us of the great change that would come over our bodies when he comes to take his church unto himself. When this great transition takes place, we will receive back all that which was taken from us.

Job placed before us the same thought when he said, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the later day upon the earth and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The Prophet sets the proof of the redemption clear when he says, "Thy dead men shall live together, with thy dead body shall they arise. Awake! and sing ye that dwell in the dust." The same redemption may be meant by John when he says, "Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God, therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him. Beloved, now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." In Jesus we have everything that can be needed for our perfection in this and the life that is to come.

[THE END.]



